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PENTHOUSE Letters

THE MAGAZINE OF SEXUAL MARVELS/SEPTEMBER 2011

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SALUTATIONS

KEEPING OUR FINGER ON THE PULSE

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So many times after completing an issue of *Letters*, I sit back in my chair, happy with the compilation of steamy tales that makes up that particular issue. Well, I have to say, this is one of the most sexually charged issues we've ever put together. Each and every month I know that the dirty, G-spot-hitting romps you send us are going to get your fellow readers off, but the stories in this month's issue really take the cake!

One of the hot topics pouring in deals with a little thing called, "baby roulette." Yes, apparently many of you enjoy reading about rolls in the hay (car, bed, pool, club, etc.) that could potentially get the letters' sexy sirens pregnant. Whether they opt not to use protection in advance, realize what they've done too late and utilize the pull-out method (that wonderful game of chance), or simply cannot stop the orgasmic response their bodies are having and opt to wing it, *this* is a subject that has piqued your interest. Run to Losing It, on page 71, and see what happens when, way back when, having unprotected sex was *very* taboo, but the only other option was keeping your cherry. Is there even a question as to what you would do?

What's hot in the news? In two weeks' time, two top dignitaries got caught molesting maids in hotels. Well, to this we say, boo! Let's give a round of applause to our hotel maid on page 7 as she shows us how she handles the guests at her place of business. Turn-down service was never so appealing!

What's a promiscuous wife to do when her husband tells her he thinks he wants to hire a hooker? Well, she decides to see if she can sell her own ass, of course! Oh, but it's not to him. Check out this sexy, feisty femme on page 19.

To round out this glory-hole issue, we've got a few more intriguing tales, like in the Spotlight section on page 86. Read about one man's inability to confront his wife's premarital infidelities, and how her virginity was lost way before she said, "I do." Does he ask her why? Does she divulge her desires to him? Will their marriage survive her wild, wanton ways? Read all about it and find out.

This is just a little taste of all the tawdry tales we have for you to feast on. There are so many more spicy mixes ahead in the pages of this magazine of sexual marvels.—*Kathy Cavanaugh*

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She went on a white water rafting trip and got very, very wet

My husband Ned and I went to Montana for our second honeymoon. We still had a week to go on our trip when he asked me if I wanted to do anything special. I told him I would like to go white water rafting, but I knew he wouldn't want to, as he hated the water, so I would do it another time. Ned said he wanted me to have a good time, and after looking into the possibilities he managed to make a reservation for me on a nearby white water excursion which had had a cancellation, and was leaving the very next day. It was to be a three-and-a-half-day trip. When I pointed out that we were supposed to be spending our second honeymoon together, he said he wanted me to be happy, and besides, he could use the rest. I figured he was probably right about that, since he had only screwed me twice that day.

The next day we drove out to the launch point, where we met Kyle and Simon, the two guides for the excursion. The other guests turned out to be a couple of college guys who were obviously gay. When I learned that I would be the only woman I told Ned we should blow the money off and forget the whole thing, but he said he knew I could take care of myself. I told him I didn't know if he should trust me with two good-looking hunks a decade younger than me, and he just grinned and said, "I'm sure I can't, so just remember to tell me everything that happens."

Finally I said good-bye to Ned and we set off. We traveled through some beautiful country over some exciting water, without any mishaps, due to the competence and expertise of our guides.

Around four o'clock we found a place to stop and make camp. The gay guys took their tent around a bend and out of sight, obviously wanting their privacy. Simon and Kyle set up a rather large tent for me. I saw that there was room in there for all three of us, but I wasn't about to invite them to sleep with me.

Kyle fixed a very good dinner, and afterwards the gay guys strolled back to their tent, hand in hand, while Kyle, Simon and I sat around the fire as darkness closed in. After a while Simon broke out a bottle of wine and rolled a joint. My husband never gets high, but I occasionally indulge with some of my girlfriends. It makes me very mellow, and also extremely horny. I suspected my guides might have had that possibility in mind, and I wondered which of them would be the first to try getting into my little married panties.

I was sitting on a blanket they had spread out for me, and they moved over beside me to pass the joint around. We burned one and sipped the wine from the bottle while we talked about nothing. Then I had to pee, and I went off behind a bush. My panties were wet, and I found myself hoping that the guys would come on to me soon.

Simon had lit another joint when I returned, and I settled down beside him, asking where Kyle was. He told me Kyle had gone to bed. This surprised me, but I just lay back on the blanket to gaze up at the stars as we finished the new joint.

Before long I felt a hand sliding up under my top to cup my left breast and squeeze it gently. My pussy just seemed to melt like hot butter, soaking my jeans. Simon soon had my top and bra off and was suckling and kissing my aching tits, as his hand began rubbing my pussy gently through my wet jeans. He kissed me, and I returned his kiss eagerly, and the next thing I knew I was naked, with an equably naked man next to me, sporting a lovely and large hard-on.

Then I felt two fingers enter me and begin fucking me slowly, rotating as they went in out, quickly bringing me to orgasm. I was still twitching when Simon mounted my body and entered me. His cock was long and thick, filling me up nicely as he thrust vigorously into my slippery snatch. The sand under the blanket was not very giving, so each of his thrusts jarred my whole body, making me feel it from my head to my toes.

He must have banged me for close to 20 minutes before stopping to rest for a moment. Then he started thrusting away again, and I was able to angle my hips so that his dick rubbed against my swollen clit, getting me off big time. My clasping cunt finally tripped his trigger, and I felt his warm come flood my box and ooze out around his still hard cock, trickling down over my ass and forming a pool on the blanket.

After that we stumbled into my tent and fell onto the large air mattress. I was quite happy to be up off the hard sand as we continued fucking throughout the night until we finally fell asleep, totally exhausted.

I woke up at daybreak, feeling very chilly. I woke Simon up too as I huddled against him for warmth. Of course this led to another hour of frenzied fucking,

until both of us had come twice. This meant we were a little late getting started, so we had to cut our lunch break short in order to reach the next camp site in time to set up.

We had another good dinner, but Simon and I were mostly hungry for each other. Kyle seemed to take in stride the fact that Simon was fucking me, and the gay couple were pretty much oblivious to anything but each other, so after dinner Simon and I left them there and disappeared into my tent again.

The sex we shared that night was outstanding. Simon ate my pussy and I sucked his cock, swallowing his thick chunky load. After that he fucked me while cradling my ass cheeks in his hands. When he asked if he could fuck me in the ass, I didn't hesitate, but quickly assumed the position on my hands and knees. Simon moved up behind me and began to slowly work his cock into my willing asshole.

That ass fucking was among the most intense I have ever received. We came within seconds of one another, and I felt his jism oozing out of my anus as I collapsed on the mattress with him on top of me.

He fucked my slick pussy two more times, and then we slept through the night, only to be awakened by a fierce storm at dawn. Simon said that if it continued we would surely be grounded for the day. He told me not to worry; his crew back at the base would realize the situation and notify my husband. I grinned at him and said, "Notify him about what? About the storm, or about how the horny guide is fucking his wife?" And with that I bent down and

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took his cock in my mouth.

It was really nasty outside, so we stayed in the tent fucking most of the day. Then, around three o'clock, it cleared up like magic, and became really sultry. I told Simon I would like to bathe in the river, as my pussy really needed a good scrubbing. Simon joined me, and we were splashing around in the water when the other three guys showed up, asking if they could join us.

They slipped off their shorts as I watched them with interest. The gay guys both had pretty average dicks, but Kyle, even in his flaccid state, sported one of the largest cocks I had ever seen, it hung halfway to his knees, and I thought what a shame it was that he hadn't hit on me too.

I enjoyed two more nights of marathon sex with my energetic lover before the trip was over. I fucked him twice on the morning of the last day, and then surprised him by putting on my panties without washing my snatch. When he asked if wasn't afraid of my husband finding out that I'd been unfaithful, I just smiled at him and told him that I always told my husband everything I did. He looked really nervous and asked me please not to say anything until he and Kyle had loaded everything up and left.

Ned was waiting when we got in just before lunchtime, and he greeted me with a big hug and all kinds of kisses. As soon as I got the chance I whispered to him, "I've been fucking the tall guide, Simon, for the past four nights, and I'm fully loaded up with his come right now!"

Ned walked me over to where the crew was loading the raft and equipment into their van. Terry and Kyle shook Ned's hand and thanked him for his business. I saw Simon turn white when Ned grinned at him and said, "And thank *you*, Simon, for giving my wife the business! She's a real fuck and a half, isn't she?"

Simon managed to say that it had been a pleasure to have me along, before they got into the van and sped away.

Ned then rushed me to the motel, and once there he skinned off my jeans to inspect my squishy wet pussy, full of the come of the horny young man who had had his way with me for four very busy nights. As I told him about my escapades with Simon, he quickly dropped his pants and climbed on top of me, immersing his cock in my lover's come as he said, "God, I love you, honey! A man couldn't buy a better wife, or a better piece of ass!"

We spent the rest of the afternoon sucking and fucking, as I told him everything Simon and I had done. He was a little surprised when I admitted that I had repeatedly given Simon anal sex. Ned and I never did that more than a few times a year, but now I gave him my

butt for the next several nights so he could even the score.

I also told him about Kyle's huge dick, and confessed that I would really like to go back another time to try out that giant cock of his.

Well, when that Christmas rolled around I found an envelope under the tree with a round-trip airline ticket to Montana, along with a note saying: 'I've made reservations for you in the hotel we stayed at before, and I've also arranged for a young man named Kyle to meet your plane. Your loving husband, Ned.'

He really does like to make me happy!—*R.G., Indianapolis, Indiana*

She was a hotel maid, but she found a way to make extra money

When I was a high school senior I had fine aspirations of going to college, earning a degree and then finding a satisfying, well-paying job followed by a wonderful marriage and family.

In reality my loser boyfriend dumped me when he found out I was pregnant, and since my parents were divorced and I lived with my mom, there was no money for college. I ended up taking a job as a maid in a hotel out by the Interstate, to support my daughter and help my mom with the bills.

I stand five feet five and have a pretty nice figure and a 36-inch chest, which men like. I have shoulder-length wavy brown hair, brown eyes and a round ass that looks very good in tight jeans or skirts. So I wasn't at the hotel very long before I found I had a lot of horny businessmen trying to get up my dress or inside my top to get at my boobs.

After one particular man made a pass at me by feeling my round butt as I bent over to pick up some dirty

> "I wasn't at the hotel very long before I found I had a lot of horny businessmen trying to get up my dress or to get at my boobs"

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towels, I said something to a coworker and asked how she dealt with it. She then explained to me that when she had first started working there she soon realized that a young pretty girl stood to make some extra money if she was safe and careful, and the management didn't find out.

I went home and thought about it, but I didn't make any final decisions. I just let it rest and decided that if the situation came up, and the guy was right, then maybe I would do it. I didn't have to wait very long before the situation came up again.

I was doing housekeeping in a businessman's room while he was getting ready to do go out. He was about 45 years old, of medium height, with a balding head and a pot belly. He got quiet as I stripped the linen from the bed, and then I suddenly felt a hand on my butt. It made me jump a little, even though I was kind of expecting it. I heard him say, in a hushed voice, that he thought I was very pretty and sexy. Not moving, I thanked him as he kept rubbing my butt, telling me how lonely he got, being on the road all the time. His hand dipped down to my thigh, and I felt it travel up under my skirt to make contact with the curve of my butt.

Without moving or trying to push him away, I told him that I really wasn't that kind of a girl. He then asked me what it would take to make me that kind of a girl. This was the crucial point. I wavered. Then I took a deep breath and I told him that it might take the right guy with the right amount of roses—green roses, that is.

He knew what I meant all right, and he then asked if

50 roses would be enough for me. "Maybe," I said, playing coy, "How far do you want those roses to go?"

His fingers rubbed my damp crotch through my panties as he said, "All the way."

When I didn't reply he took my silence for assent, which I guess it was. He pushed my skirt up over my butt and tugged my white panties down to my ankles. He kicked my feet as far apart as my panties would allow and bent me over the bed. I heard him undo his pants and drop them to the floor. He stood in close behind me, so close that I felt the hard tip of his cock brush first against my inner thigh, then against my puffy labia. I asked if he had a condom, and he said no, but not to worry, as he'd had a vasectomy. I had heard that one before, but when I objected he said he would pay me another 50 roses to let him fuck me bareback.

Well, I really wanted that 100 dollars, so I held still for him as he slowly pushed his cock into me. He got it in as far as he could, then held my hips and fucked me, huffing and puffing as he did. In less than a minute I heard him groan, then felt his sperm shoot into me with two fairly weak spurts.

He pulled away, panting, then rushed to the bathroom to clean up as I pulled my panties back up and let my dress fall back into place. When he came out he put on his coat and left, but not before putting two crisp 50-dollar bills on the dresser. Not bad, I thought, for about two minutes of work.

The next morning I went to that same room to clean, and the same man paid me another 50 bucks to suck

his cock. I made him come in about a minute, and even swallowed his very salty come, which pleased him even more.

He checked out before I got there the third day, but I figured there'd be more propositions, and I was right. Two days later a tall, good looking black guy in his mid-30s checked in, and when he saw me pushing my cart in the hall, he smiled and said he hoped to have me as his maid in the morning. I smiled back and said, "Maybe."

The next morning I did indeed find myself in his room. He was standing there in his boxer shorts, as though he had been waiting for me and already knew the deal. I had hardly started cleaning before he asked how much it would be to have a little fun. I told him it depended on how much fun he wanted, and he smiled broadly and said, "I want it all."

I told him it would be 100 dollars, and without hesitating he took out a bill and tossed it onto the bed. Then he told me to undress. He pulled his boxers down and sat on the bed as I undressed nervously in front of him until I was down to my bra and panties. He told me to take the bra off first, and I did. Then he told me to turn around and take off my panties slowly. I peeled them down as slowly as I could, bending over to push them all the way down my legs, my round ass sticking out at him.

"Nice ass," he said appreciatively, and I felt him put a hand on my butt. "I love pretty round asses." Then he kissed it a few times before I felt his tongue travel down my crack, all the way to meaty pussy, and back to my asshole. An electric thrill shot through me, and I let out a moan as he ate my pussy and ass from the rear.

After he made me come he spun me around and had me get on my knees between his legs. His cock was hard now, and I saw how huge it was. It must have been nine or 10 inches long, and very thick. I took it in my hand and couldn't even get my fingers all the way around it. I kissed and licked the tip and the shaft, then took the head in my mouth and sucked on it. I tried to take it as deep as I could but only gagged on it several times.

"Come on, girl, suck that cock," he said. I tried relaxing my throat muscles and was able to take him a little deeper, but still not all the way. My saliva was pouring down his shaft onto his balls as I tried again and again. Finally he told me to stand up, and he had to help me, as my knees felt weak.

Once I was on my feet he pulled me to him and told me to sit on his lap. His hard cock was standing straight up, and he guided it to my opening, then started pulling me down on him. First I felt the head enter me, stretching my pussy, then gradually he slid deeper into me as I sank down on him. By the time

"I felt his tongue travel down my crack. A thrill shot through me, and I let out a moan as he ate my pussy and ass from the rear"

he was completely inside me I was panting and moaning like crazy. I'd never had anything that big inside me before. Now he started lifting me up and down over his shaft while he devoured my large breasts and nipples. After a while I began riding him on my own, getting hotter and hotter as he gripped and fondled my ass. I bit his shoulder when I came, my eyes rolling back in my head. It was by for the most intense climax I'd ever had.

A minute later I felt him expand and throb inside me as he shot his come up into me with several powerful spurts. When he lifted me off him, sperm poured out of my gaping hole onto the floor.

floor. Looking back, I saw his raging hard-on as he pushed my dress up, then tugged my white panties down and spread my legs. I felt his weight as he got on the bed, and then his cockhead brushed against my ass.

I gave a sudden gasp when I realized what he wanted now, and I began to squirm as I felt his big cock pushing against my anal opening. He held himself there, whispering to me to just calm down and relax. Nervously I told him I had never had anal sex before.

This wasn't true. My exboyfriend had done me that way, but he was way smaller, and even that had been uncomfortable. This guy could kill me. He just

black cock sank into my ass. I had never felt such a feeling before. I heard myself moaning and gasping into the mattress as he began fucking me with long firm strokes. Then I was coming, and my shrieks of passion were too loud to be muffled. I could only hope no one from management was nearby to hear them. Then I felt several hot spurts fill my ass before he pulled out.

He checked out the next

"I gave a sudden gasp when I realized what he wanted now, and I began to squirm as I felt his big cock against my anal opening"

The next day I again went to his room to clean, and again he was there, waiting. I told him my pussy was still tender from the day before, and he told me not to worry about that as he put a 100-dollar bill on the dresser. Then he stepped to me, put both hands on my shoulders and spun me around, facing the bed. He lowered me onto my stomach, then dropped his shorts to the

laughed and told me it would be okay. He pulled his cock away and I felt him rubbing some kind of slippery stuff into my asshole. His finger felt good in there, and I did relax a little. When his cock followed, I buried my face in the mattress to stifle my cry, but to my surprise the cry was one of pleasure, not pain. I couldn't believe the incredible sensation as that enormous

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LETTERS

day, and after that I had sex with a string of men, most of whom wanted simple blowjobs or vaginal fucks, or just to come on my big tits. The few who wanted anal got it too, but they paid extra for the pleasure.

Soon I had enough money to pay for my first semester of college, where I met my current boyfriend. I still go to school, still do housekeeping at the same hotel and still earn extra money having sex—which my boyfriend doesn't know about. I figure that once I graduate I'll quit doing that.

Maybe.—*Name and address withheld*

She gave him comfort and sympathy, then she gave him her butt

At the age of 30 I found myself a widower after my wife was killed in a car crash, leaving me with our young daughter. I was devastated, and as both our families lived far away, I felt very much alone. During that time the most helpful person in my life was Nell, the 18-year-old daughter of one of my neighbors. She was kind and sympathetic, and seemed to understand my feelings. She even offered to help me with my daughter whenever she could. She was in her freshman year at college, and also had a boyfriend, but she still found time to baby sit occasionally, and to spend time with my daughter and me three or four days a week, taking some of the burden off my hands. Needless to say, I was extremely grateful.

Nell was also a very attractive young woman, and as time went by I found myself thinking of her a lot, and even fantasizing about her, though I couldn't let her know, because I didn't want her to think I was a dirty old man. But things began to change one day when Nell invited me over for a swim in her family's pool. Her parents were gone for the day. My daughter was in day care and I had the day off, so I figured, why not?

When I got there Nell looked more gorgeous than ever, wearing a white string bikini that concealed very little of her body. Her ample tits pushed against the dainty material, and the globes of her ass were gorgeously round and tan.

"C'mon in, the water is fine," she said, laughing. When I joined her in the pool it felt very refreshing, but I couldn't stop staring at her awesome butt every chance I got. The way her ass looked as it was revealed by the skimpy bikini bottom did wonders for my libido.

After swimming a while we got out to lie by the pool, and Nell asked me to dry her off. As I reached for a towel she said, "Make sure you dry my butt extra well. I hate a wet butt."

I took great care to dry her entire body, especially her butt. As I did so she began to purr, and then she shocked me by saying, "You can take the bottoms off if you want. That way you could dry everything."

My hands were trembling as I pulled her bottoms down and marveled at her incredible ass. She moaned a little, and this encouraged me to carry things further by leaning down and first kissing, then licking, that incredible ass. I couldn't resist parting her cheeks and staring at her asshole, and I felt compelled to lick her there too. I even tried pushing my tongue into it, which caused her to gasp and shudder. "Ooh!" she moaned as I tongued her. The tightness of her anus drove me crazy, and my cock was throbbing.

Nell braced herself when she felt me get into position behind her. There was no need for lubricant, as she was still wet from the pool and my tongue. She tensed as my cockhead pushed into her, and then her sphincter muscle gave way and I sank slowly in. She moaned and gasped as I

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took my time until I was completely embedded. Her anal muscles gripped me tightly as I held her waist and began slowly moving in and out. She became very vocal when my pace increased, and she rubbed her clit until she brought herself to a loud climax. I felt the spasming of her bowels and exploded inside her ass.

We collapsed on the pool deck, breathing heavily, and lay there a long time. Finally we took another swim and then fucked again, and then I had to leave to pick up my daughter.

A few days later Nell stopped by to tell me she'd broken up with her boyfriend, and that if was okay with me she'd like to start seeing me. Was it okay with me? Hell, yes!

That was two years ago, and in spite of our age difference Nell and I turned out to be beautifully right for each other. We are now married, and two weeks ago she gave birth to our first son. Of course I sometimes still miss my first wife, but Nell has given me a whole new life.—*N.D., Augusta, Georgia*

His wife becomes an "escort"—just for the money, of course . . .

I've been married to Jill for 12 years. She's a beautiful woman, five feet six and 130 pounds, with long brown hair and a great body.

We'd been trying not to fall behind in our house payments, and when I was laid off things began to spiral downhill for a while. It made us both nervous.

That was where my dad's friend Cal came in. He runs an escort service. I didn't know him well, but I ran into him at the store one day. He said he'd heard about our problems from my dad, and he suggested, respectfully, that I should send Jill over for an interview.

When I mentioned it to Jill she got a strange look in her eyes, but said no. But two days later she said she'd been thinking, and maybe she should see what it was really all about. I told her if she really wanted to talk to Cal, I'd go with her.

That night we went to Cal's house, and he let us in and made drinks. We talked about how his business worked, and he outlined the arrangements, the earning potential and so on. I felt very uncomfortable about the whole thing, and I was kind of shocked when Jill said she'd try it.

At that point Cal stood and said, "Okay, now for the interview."

"I thought that was the interview," I said.

"Oh no, I have to check out the product," Cal stated. Jill looked uncertain, and I started to protest, but he said, "Oh yes, I have to try out all the girls, so I know what I'm talking about with my clients."

Jill and I looked at each other, and she kind of shrugged, then stood up. "Wait," I said.

"Relax," she told me. "It's

"She rubbed her clit until she brought herself to a loud climax. I felt the spasming of her bowels and exploded inside her ass"

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LETTERS

> "There was Jill on the bed on all fours, gripping the headboard as Cal pounded away from behind her. 'Get the hell out!' he shouted"

okay." I thought she sounded a little excited.

I sat there with mixed emotions as I watched them walk up the hall, Cal patting my wife on the ass. I knew I should intervene, but somehow I couldn't.

After about 10 minutes, I started to hear bedsprings squeaking. Then I heard Jill moaning. I was sitting there all alone as my wife was getting fucked by this guy. When she started to scream I couldn't take it anymore. I ran down the hall and pushed the door open. There was Jill on the bed on all fours, gripping the headboard as Cal pounded away from behind her. "Get the hell out, I'm doing an interview!" he shouted.

I walked back to the living room and sat on the couch listening to my wife's moans and screams. In spite of everything I found myself extremely horny, and I jerked off, coming in seconds on Cal's floor.

Then the noises stopped, and in a few minutes they came out. "She did good," Cal told me. Jill smiled, but she didn't make eye contact with me. I was very confused about my feelings, and we didn't speak to at all on the way home.

The next night Cal called to give Jill her first assignment. He picked her up and took her there, and she was gone for four hours. When she came home she said she was too tired to talk, but I got mad and kept at her till she told me about her date. She said she had sucked the man's cock for a long time before he had bent her over his couch and fucked her in the ass.

I was outraged. She had never let me have anal sex with her, and yet a total stranger had just paid her to do it. Jill said he'd paid extra, and she reminded me that we needed the money. But he hadn't take her anal cherry, she said. Cal had done that the night before.

For the next few weeks Jill went out on calls on an average of three nights a week. We had sex occasionally during that time, but her heart wasn't in it. Then after about a month, when we had pretty much caught up with our bills, she told me she wanted out. She had enjoyed the excitement at first, and she did have a few favorite clients who she liked seeing; but enough was enough.

Cal was sorry to lose her, but he didn't make a fuss. I went back to work finally, and Jill and I put her call-girl status behind us. But sometimes, when she's supposedly working late or out shopping, I wonder if she really might be with one of those "favorite clients."—*S.G., Butte, Montana*

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LETTERS

Three seems to be the magic number for these hot swingers

Sandra and I didn't even discuss swinging until 20 years into our marriage, so you'll understand my shock when she set up a spouse-swapping session with her friend Melissa and her husband. But after we did that three times, Melissa found religion and stopped the sexual contact. After that we met with several couples, but for one reason or another they weren't compatible.

I was fucking a hot Hispanic babe named Juanita when Sandra discovered it, and immediately announced that she wanted to meet her. This led to her first and only experience with a female, which she seemed to take to with enthusiasm. But after three very enjoyable sessions Juanita moved away, and we settled back into our mundane sex life.

About two years later I purchased a swingers' magazine and decided to answer an ad placed by a man who lived about 30 miles from us. His name was Glenn, and after speaking with him on the phone several times, we set up a meeting at a motel near our home.

We got to the motel first, and when Glenn arrived Sandra met him with a French kiss as he cupped her ass cheeks in his hands. He then proceeded to strip her to her bra and garter belt and lay her out on the bed. He licked her clit while finger-fucking her in rhythm with her gasps and moans. After a while she sat up, pushed him onto his back and gave him some super head.

After a few minutes, he moved over her, and she grasped his cock and guided it to her cunt lips, moaning out, "Please fuck me with your large cock!" His dick was a little over seven inches long and very thick, and he fucked for quite some time, her cunt making slurping sounds as she came several times and begged him for more. He finally shot a large load in her cunt, and it ran down the crack of her ass.

They rested awhile, and then she gave him some more head until he was ready to fuck again. He fucked her several times over the next few hours, and by then her cunt was overflowing with his come. At one point, while she was on all fours, I lay down and she took my cock in her mouth and started sucking me while Glenn took her from behind, his come and her pussy juice splattering over my legs and stomach as she moaned around my cock. I finally shot off in her mouth, and she swallowed it all. A short time later Glenn came in her cunt for the final time.

When we got home, Sandra and I fucked like crazy. Talk about a sloppy fuck! If you haven't tried it you haven't any idea what it's like, but if you're thinking about it, take my advice and go for it, because it's worth it.

But we only saw Glenn three times, because Sandra didn't like the way he talked to me instead of her while they fucked. One of these days I'm hoping we find somebody we can at least get to four with.—*M.T., Portland, Oregon*

A friend becomes a lover, and a couple becomes a threesome

My wife Beverly and I were looking forward to having our oldest friend Travis pay us an extended visit. He and his wife of 16 years had split up after he was laid off and couldn't find work in their depressed community. He had decided to come and look for work in our area, and we'd invited him to stay with us while he did.

The first two nights he was here, Travis and I sat up late, drinking beer and talking, while Beverly went to bed early. But on the

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third night I was really tired, so I turned in early, leaving Travis and Beverly in the kitchen, playing poker for nickels.

It was nearly midnight when Beverly came to bed and woke me up by sucking my cock. This was a sure sign that she was horny, and I wondered if she'd been fooling around with Travis, or had possibly even fucked him. But I knew that if she had she would tell me, so I said nothing.

Sure enough, as I mounted her she whispered into my ear, "Travis kissed me downstairs, and felt me up. I got hot as hell and went down on him. I would have fucked him too, but he came in my mouth, and I swallowed his come. Oh, fuck me, honey, I need your cock so bad my pussy aches!"

I held her tight and drilled her horny little snatch for 10 minutes before hosing down the fire my buddy had built in her pussy with my come. Beverly cuddled up to me and told me she loved me as we drifted off to sleep.

She was still horny in the morning, screwing me twice before we got out of bed. We have our own business, and during the day she called me into her office twice so I could give her a quickie on her desk. That left no doubt in my mind that she was horny as hell for our friend Travis.

That night I again went up to bed early, again leaving my wife with my best friend. I wasn't sleepy, and I lay awake listening to the faint sounds of their voices from downstairs, and when they stopped I envisioned them in a heated embrace on the sofa, with my wife's dress around her waist and her panties dangling from one foot as Travis power-fucked her steaming pussy.

But then I heard them coming up the stairs. They stopped by the door of the guest room, just a few feet away, and I heard the sounds of kissing, of clothes rustling, and a low throaty moan from my wife. A minute later I heard the guest room door close. When Beverly did not appear at our bedroom door I realized she had gone in there with Travis.

Beverly was unaware that I'd carefully concealed a baby monitor in the guest room over a year earlier, so that I would be able to listen to her as she had sex with one of her lovers. We have had an open marriage from the beginning—at least it was open on her part, as I had no desire to make it with anyone else—and I had often lay in our bed listening to her screwing someone in the next room. She'd never offered to let me watch her with her lovers, although she always told me about it later as we made love. But listening to her in this secret way was a joy for me, and always made me hotter than hell.

Now I took out the receiver from its hiding place and plugged it in. I was instantly rewarded with the sounds of kissing and soft moans from both Travis and my wife.

"God," I heard him whisper, "you have the wettest, slickest pussy I've ever felt."

"It's hot and ready for your big cock," Beverly panted. "You know I've waited twenty years for a chance to fuck you, after we got interrupted that night so long ago. Oh God, Travis, your cock is just as hard as it was then! I want it in me, please, baby, fuck me now!"

"I plan to," Travis said. "But first I want to eat your pussy until you come in my face and I can suck up your sweet juices."

The next thing I heard was Beverly gasping repeatedly, and what sounded like a kitten lapping up milk as Travis noisily ate her pussy. He must have been good at it, because it wasn't more than 90 seconds before Beverly cried out that she was coming, and then hissed sharply through her teeth as she did.

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There was some movement then, as of bodies shifting, and a moment later Beverly moaned, "Oh, I love it; I want all of your cock. Yes, like that, baby, fuck me, fuck me hard!"

I could hear their bodies slapping together, and the distinct liquid squishy sounds of a hard cock moving swiftly in and out of a very wet pussy. This went on for the next two minutes before a muffled groan came from somewhere deep in Travis's throat, while Beverly's steady moaning turned into a muffled shriek as she came again.

"Oh God, baby," she panted then, "I can feel your hot come flooding my pussy. Oh Jesus, I love you, Travis. But I love Charles too. Do you understand?"

"I do, Beverly," Travis replied. "And I love you too."

My cock was as hard as it had ever gotten, and the knowledge that my best friend's come was even now beginning to trickle out of my wife's cunt was all it took to make me explode without even touching myself. My hot come shot clear up to my chin, and by the time I had cleaned myself up with a damp washcloth the two of them were fucking again.

This time it sounded like they were moving slowly, truly savoring the exquisite sensation that a man and woman who love one another experience when they're locked in the act of intercourse. For a moment I couldn't help wondering if I was about to lose my wife to another man, and my best friend at that. But moments later I felt relief when I heard her say, "I meant what I said, Travis. I do love you, but I also love Charles, even more than the day I married him, and I could never leave him."

"I know," Travis said. Then their movements appeared to speed up, and I heard the wet sounds of their genitals slapping together as they neared orgasm. "Oh my God, Travis, I'm coming!" Beverly cried. "Oh yes, lover, come in me. Fill my pussy with your seed!"

Then there was only loud moaning, followed by heavy breathing, which slowly diminished. Then I heard Travis's voice. "You know," he said, "I envy Charles even more now than I did before, for having you in his bed every night to hold and make love to. Do you know I've lain in bed thousands of times thinking about your pussy while jerking off?"

"I know," Beverly said. "I've thought of you often too, over the years. Tell me, honey—was it as good as you thought it would be?"

"God, yes!" was his reply. "And I'm just about ready to do it again. Maybe if you just suck me a little bit . . ."

"Oh, what a lovely idea!" Beverly said, and then I was listening to the sounds her mouth made on his dick.

I lay in our bed most of the night, listening to them having sex over and over, and I lost track of the number of times I heard my wife come.

Finally, near dawn, Beverly told him she had to get back to her husband. I heard her getting up, and the sounds of clothes rustling as she got dressed. Then I heard her voice again.

"Do you remember what you said before you left, that night my dad interrupted us?" she asked him. "You told me that some day you were going to get yourself a piece of my ass. So I guess you finally got it." They both laughed then, and I heard them kissing again.

I quickly hid the receiver and got back into bed. A minute later Beverly walked in to find me lying there with a rock-hard cock. She smiled at me, a little uncertainly. "I've been making love with Travis all night," she said then. "You know that, right?"

"I figured," I told her. "Are you all fucked out, or

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is there something left for me?"

She stripped off her clothes as she walked to the bed and lay down, saying "Baby, you can fuck me anytime and any place, you know that. Do you want me like this, or do you want me to clean up? I have to warn you, it's really a mess down there. He ejaculates a bigger load than any man I've ever been with."

She was right; it was indeed a real mess, but she was still the woman I loved, and I couldn't wait to be joined with her. I leaned down to kiss her, whispering, "I love you, sweetheart," as she guided my cock into her swollen pussy, where my best friend's semen served as our lubricant.

The lovemaking that followed was the most intensely passionate act of sexual intercourse that Beverly and I had ever had, and left no doubt in my mind that she did indeed love me as much as she said. But I knew she also loved Travis.

Naturally we were all exhausted, and we slept until nearly noon, since it was Sunday. I was the first one up, so I went down and made coffee, then carried a tray up to our room. Beverly woke up and we had a quick fuck, after which I told her to go and fuck Travis too, and then bring him back with her.

I didn't listen to them this time, but sat on the bed waiting for 20 minutes until she returned, leading Travis by the hand. I stood up then and extended my hand to him, saying, "Congratulations, buddy. Beverly tells me she loves us both, and there isn't anyone I would rather share her with than my best friend."

Travis was a bit taken aback at first, but we talked it all out with cool heads; after which Travis and I made love to Beverly for two hours, blending our semen together inside her hot pussy. Then Beverly went down to make some much-needed breakfast. Travis followed her, and by the time I got downstairs he had my wife bent over the kitchen counter, feeding her his cock from behind.

That night we invited Travis to come sleep in our bed, and the next morning I invited him to move in with us and see how we all got along living together. If it worked, Beverly would have two husbands to love and care for her.

Well, the three of us have been together for 12 years now, and everyone is happy. My wife and Travis were married in a private ceremony, at which I officiated. Of course they are married only in our eyes, but that is what counts.

Travis and I each have our own bedroom, and Beverly sleeps with each of us on alternate nights. Of course she always fucks the one she isn't sleeping with before joining her partner for the night, and sometimes we just all sleep together, and fuck together too. We are just one very happy threesome.—*C.J., Cleveland, Ohio*

He went looking for a hooker, and his wife decided to be one

My husband Peter and I were taking a short vacation from work, staying in a small resort town high in the Sierra Mountains. On our third day there we were enjoying our lunch when Peter suddenly said, "You know, I feel like picking up a hooker tonight. How do you feel about spending a night on your own?"

He'd always said that his biggest fantasy was to pick up a hooker and just use her body for his own pleasure, but I never thought he would actually do it. I couldn't complain, though, because I've fucked around on him forever, even before we were married, and he has never chastised me for it. In fact he actually becomes very aroused by hearing me tell him all about my adventures.

So in answer to his question I winked at him, saying, "Well, I don't think I'll have

any trouble getting picked up, but you may end up dating your right hand, seeing that you're over the hill at forty-four." Peter just laughed. The fact is that I am only a year younger than he is, but he always tells me I don't look older than 30 anyway.

That afternoon I went shopping while he cleaned up and got dressed to go on the prowl. He was gone by the time I returned to our hotel room. The first thing I did was to trim my abundant red bush, which had gotten out of control. Peter usually keeps it groomed nicely, but he had been so snowed under at work lately that I was just damn happy he still had the time and energy to make love often.

That done, I douched and shaved my legs and armpits before taking a nice relaxing shower. Then I got dressed, putting my firm 34Cs into a lacy black pushup bra and wiggling my way into a pair of black patterned crotchless pantyhose instead of my usual gartered thigh-highs. The new black dress I'd bought was low-cut both front and back, and I discovered that my bra strap showed; so the bra came off, leaving my titties floating freely beneath the silky bodice, which clearly defined my rather large nipples. The dress was quite short, hemmed only about four inches below my uncovered crotch.

After doing my hair and makeup I checked myself in the mirror, satisfied that I looked pretty damn hot, and ready to go trolling for cock. Then I had a new thought. The way I looked at it, since Peter was out pissing money away by buying pussy, I should try selling a little to get even. Could I do that, I wondered, actually go out and sell my ass? It would be just my luck to get busted by a vice cop, even in this little town. Oh well, it wouldn't hurt to do a little cock-teasing anyway. I slipped the gold wedding ring off my finger and hid it in a safe place before leaving the room.

I decided to get a bite to eat before embarking on a night of drinking, so I went across the street to a pleasant-looking steak

"The way I looked at it, since Peter was out buying pussy, I should try selling a little to get even. Could I actually go out and sell my ass?"

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house. I liked feeling the cool evening air caressing my already damp pussy lips as I walked briskly across the street.

I drew plenty of looks as I had my dinner, and more than one woman jabbed her man in the ribs for taking a closer look whenever I nonchalantly let my legs drift apart, giving a few well-positioned guys a glimpse of my curly red nest.

After dinner I decided that the most practical place to start my prowl would be back at the lounge in our hotel. Once there, I let my ass swing a little more than usual as I sauntered down the bar, taking the middle stool of three that were empty. I ordered a drink, and an older man was quick to step up and pay for it when the bartender set it down. He looked to be in his late 50s, kind of short and a bit flabby, though he seemed pleasant enough.

Sitting down beside me, he looked me up and down, and then said, "It isn't often that we are graced by the company of a beautiful unescorted woman in this small town. Where do you come from, young lady?"

I smiled at him. "I'm from back east," I told him. "And I'm just here for a few days to have a good time." I noticed that he was having a hard time keeping his eyes off my protruding nipples, so I slowly crossed my legs to give him something else to look at. This caused my dress to ride up enough to show him the promised land, and his eyes went down there like a pin to a magnet.

The man told me his name was Michael, and we made small talk for about half an hour before he got to the point. But finally he leaned close to me and whispered, "I'm not the man I once was, and I haven't been able to get an erection for eight years, but I'd give five hundred dollars to see you naked, and to touch you intimately for just a few minutes."

"Well," I whispered back, "on a slow night like this, five hundred would ordinarily get you a ride in the saddle; but I'll give you ten minutes for two hundred if I can keep my hose on. They're crotchless."

He nodded eagerly. He was staying at the hotel, and he wrote his room number on a napkin and told me to give him a few minutes and then come up. So I did. He answered the door in his boxers, handing me two crisp hundreds as I entered. Then he dropped his shorts and sat on the bed watching as I quickly slipped out of my dress to stand nearly naked before him.

I felt kind of sorry for the poor guy as he pumped his flaccid little penis with his right hand while fondling my breasts with the left. He tweaked my hard nipples, telling me I had beautiful breasts, then asked if he could look at my pussy up close. I lay across the bed, pulling my feet up to raise and spread my legs. He slid to his knees on the floor and got so close to my pussy that I could feel his hot breath on my wet lips. He put his finger on my clit, rubbing it lightly, then traced the full length of my slit back and forth, his other hand still playing with his penis.

I smiled when I saw his pathetic little cock slowly getting hard. If what he'd said was true, it was the first time for him in eight years. I wondered if he would be able to come, and

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a minute later the question was answered. He gave a quivering moan and shot all over his hand, which he then wiped off on the sheet, leaving several large globs of semen.

"Time's up," I said, and I got up and quickly put my dress on. He was still kneeling by the bed, too weak to get up. I leaned down and kissed him on the forehead, then dropped the two hundreds on the bed. "You can't buy me, Michael," I told him. "I'm not really a hooker. You got this for free." Then I quickly left the room.

I thought about going back to our room, but I didn't feel like sitting around alone, not knowing when my husband might finish with his whore and come back. So I went back down to the bar, which was more crowded now. I got a number of interested glances from the men, and after sitting down I was approached by several of them, but none of them appealed to me, and I quickly blew them off.

I was getting tired now, and was just about ready to go upstairs and go to bed, when a good-looking guy about my age took one of the stools next to me. He looked like a cowboy type, and I've always had a soft spot for cowboys. I've also had some pretty hot affairs with them from time to time.

This guy told me his name was Vernon, and added that he hadn't seen anything but his horse's ears and the back end of a cow for six months, so I was sure a welcome sight. I could feel my pussy start to cream, and knew as sure as I was sitting there that I was going to wind up in the sack with this man before the night ended.

Obviously he thought I was a hooker too, and it didn't take him long to ask me if I was a true redhead. I smiled and replied that there was only one way he would ever know for sure. He looked down at my crossed legs for a minute, then his eyes rose to linger on my breasts and their swollen nipples. "Doesn't look like you wear a bra or anything," he remarked.

"Well," I said, "it's kind of a waste of time for a lady like me to put one on."

He looked into my eyes then as he said, "How much to go around the world?"

I didn't hesitate. "A thousand dollars," I said.

It didn't faze him. "I've got that," he told me. "Do you have a room?"

I said yes, and told him the number. "But you'll need condoms," I told him. "And lube, if you really want to go around the world. Once you've got them, come on up." And I left him there.

Twenty minutes later he knocked on my door. As I let him in, his eyes went around the room, then rested on me. "Looks like a double room," he said. "Are you married?"

I rolled my eyes. "Yes, but he's in L.A. on business for a few days." He looked

"'Doesn't look like you wear a bra or anything,' he remarked. 'Well,' I said, 'it's kind of a waste of time for a lady like me to put one on'"

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perturbed. "Don't worry about it," I told him. "Listen, I'm new at this, but we made a deal, so let's take care of the financial end first, okay?"

Vernon then counted out ten 100-dollar bills, which I put into a drawer. "Okay," I said then. "What would you like me to do for you?"

"Strip and prove you're a redhead," he said, grinning. "Then you can suck my cock." He whipped off his shirt and sat down to pull off his boots as I slipped out of my dress for the second time that night. When I turned to face him my fully exposed snatch was just inches from his face. His eyes were big as silver dollars as he stared at my pubic area, framed by the black hose.

"Man, you really dress appropriately for your work, don't you?" he said. "I guess you can just keep those panty things on, since everything I need to get at is out in the open." With that he dropping his jeans and kicked them away. To my surprise he wore no underwear, so his cock was pointing straight up at me. He put his hands on my shoulders and pushed down gently, saying, "Suck it, lady."

I never had a man demand that I blow him before, but I'd taken his money, so I went down on his cock like the whore I was pretending to be. This cowboy had a fully loaded gun, and he shot his wad down my throat in less than a minute. I sucked out the last drops and looked up into his eyes as I swallowed his jism.

He took hold of his cock and stroked it, keeping it rock-hard as he told me to get on the bed and show him my cunt. He then asked me to finger myself as he reached for his jeans and pulled a small tube of lube from a pocket, along with half a dozen condoms.

"How many of those do you think you're going to use?" I asked him. "You just paid for a world tour, not all night!"

He just laughed and rolled a rubber onto his dick, then got on the bed and knelt between my legs. "So how many men have you screwed in your time, baby?" he asked me.

"Listen, buddy," I told him. "If you only wanted to talk about screwing you could have saved yourself a lot of money. If you want to fuck you better get to it, or you're going to run out of time. I'm a busy girl."

He laughed again and took my advice. He had a good-sized cock, about seven inches long and pretty thick, but the rubber was lubricated and I was wet, so it slipped right in. He didn't attempt to kiss me, but just grabbed both my tits and proceeded to fuck the hell out of me, not stopping until he got his rocks off. Then he rolled off and his cock softened, the half-full condom hanging off the end of his now limp tool.

I thought he might have been finished, but after a minute he sat up to look at my pussy some more, and soon started getting hard again. He told me to get on my hands and knees, but I told him he had to go wash up first, because I didn't want the rubber slipping off his slimy cock. He gave me a disgusted look, but went and did it. I watched until he had sheathed himself with a fresh rubber, then took the position. He picked up the tube of lube and squeezed some out, working it into my asshole.

Promiscuous as I was, I had never before let anyone but my husband fuck my ass; but this man had paid for it, and it was only right that he should get what he paid for. He pressed the blunt head of his cock against my asshole, and I felt it stretch to receive him. He went slowly, but soon he was balls deep inside my tight back passage.

It had been six months

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since I'd given Peter anal sex, but I quickly adapted to having Vernon's stiff dick in my ass, and soon began to enjoy the butt fucking he was giving me. I actually love getting it in the ass occasionally, but Peter had always been loving and tender, whereas this man was more forceful; so I was very surprised when a powerful climax swept over me just as Vernon filled up his condom with another load.

I collapsed face down on the bed, with him on top of me. We stayed that way for a couple of minutes, until his soft prick slipped out of my tingling ass, and he rolled off. He was still there when I got my breath back, and I thought he might want to fuck yet again. But I'd had it. "Okay, cowboy," I told him. "You got what you paid for, so wash up and get out before my husband comes back."

"But you said—"

"Hey, you can't believe what a whore says, right?" I told him. "Go on, get out of here." And he did.

I was gathering my strength to get up when I felt something wet between my thighs. On investigating I discovered that the used condom had slipped off Vernon's cock as he slid out, and was now hanging from my ass, dribbling his come onto my cunt and thighs. I used a tissue to pull it out, then wrapped it up and tossed it towards the trash can. I was using another tissue to wipe myself off when the door of the room suddenly opened and my husband came in.

"Damn, you look great!" he said. "Here, let me help you with that." He came over and pulled my pantyhose down and off, then got a warm washcloth from the bathroom and gently cleaned the sticky sperm from my pussy and thighs before drying me off with a soft towel. A moment later, after stripping his own clothes off, he got into bed and snuggled up to me spoon-style.

"I quickly adapted to Vernon's stiff dick, and soon began to enjoy the butt fucking he was giving me. I actually love getting it in the ass"

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He kissed the back of my neck as he reached around to fondle my soft breasts. "I don't know which I enjoyed more," he whispered, "picking up a hooker or knowing that my wife was acting like one. How about giving your husband a little of that sweet pussy, honey?"

I rolled over to kiss him passionately before saying, "You know I always have some for you, baby, even though it may be used. You're my number-one john, and you don't need to pay a penny."

A moment later we were making sweet tender love. Of course he wanted to know all about my night's activities, and as always it made him hotter than ever. I told him in detail what had happened with Michael, and then with Vernon, and when I was finished he came inside me like a cannon, and I came with him.

"God," he panted after a minute, "I just love having a sweet little whore for a wife! Please don't ever change, honey."

I promised him I wouldn't. And I always keep my promises.—*Name and address withheld*

"'God,' he panted, 'I just love having a sweet little whore for a wife. Please don't ever change, honey.' I promised him I wouldn't"

The contractor came to give an estimate, and got a big surprise

My 32-year-old wife Lily keeps herself in great shape with daily trips to the gym, where she does weight training, running and aerobics. Lily is blonde and curvy, and she loves sex. She's outgoing and funny, and she is also a hopeless flirt and a tease. Her vast wardrobe is mostly made up of tight-fitting, revealing clothing which never fails to draw attention from men and women alike.

Last summer we decided to have some renovations done on our house. On the day the contractor was supposed to arrive to give us an estimate, I got a sudden impulse to show off my sexy wife, and I boldly dared her to put on something really provocative to tease him with.

Lily not only agreed, she upped the ante by daring me to hide in our bedroom and watch whatever went on. I took the dare and hid myself in the bedroom closet. Lily put on a very tight pink halter top that left her flat belly bare and revealed the piercing in her belly button. She also put on a very tight, short black skirt, with no panties underneath. The skirt was so short that the bottom of her ass was exposed with practically any movement she made. She added a pair of sheer black stockings, a matching black garter belt and a pair of black "fuck me" pumps.

When the contractor arrived, she told him that I had gone to the store, and that he should just carry on with his assessment till I got back. She later told me that his eyes had nearly bugged out when she opened the door to greet him. He seemed totally flabbergasted by the way she was dressed, and didn't seem to know where to look. Lily told him she was in the midst of getting dressed to go out later on, and she hoped he didn't mind. Naturally he said he didn't mind a bit.

Lily led him up the stairs, which gave him a very good look at the back of her thighs and allowed him to notice how sheer and sexy her stockings were. He was probably also able to notice that she wasn't wearing panties. She showed him around the upper floor, and then pointed out the ladder that leads to our attic.

As the man went up to inspect the attic, Lily came into the bedroom where I was hiding. She came straight to the closet and put my hand on her mound, and I could feel the heat it was giving off. I got two fingers into her hole, which was so wet the juices were nearly dripping out of her. As I fingered her she told me that when she had led the man up the steps, he had leaned forward and taken a deep breath, evidently inhaling her aroused scent. Also, when they had neared the top she had briefly felt his hand on her ass.

This made my heart beat faster, and I felt my cock

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twitch in my pants. Lily noticed it. With a wicked look in her eyes she sank to her knees and unzipped me. She was slowly stroking my cock and rubbing my balls when the guy called to her as he came down from the attic.

"I'll be right there," she called back, and put my throbbing cock in her mouth. It felt so warm and soft, and my dick had not felt so hard in years.

She bobbed her head back and forth, deep-throating me in a way that had me plunging over the edge in no time, and she hungrily gulped every last drop of my sperm down her throat. She smiled and licked her lips, then rose and went to rejoin the contractor, leaving my now empty cock limp and dangling.

I was hoping she would bring him into the bedroom so I could watch what went on between them, but it didn't happen. I heard bits of their conversation as they walked back downstairs, and then it grew quiet. I knew he hadn't left yet, and my mind was racing with the thought of what they might be up to down there.

I heard no noise at all for at least 15 minutes, until finally I heard a muffled masculine groan which sounded like a cry of climax. Then things got quiet again.

A few minutes later I heard the contractor taking his leave, telling Lily he was looking forward to working with her for the next few weeks.

After he was gone she raced upstairs and into the bedroom. There were wet spots on her top, and streaks of what appeared to be drying sperm on her chin and cheek. She came to me and thrust her tongue in my mouth, and I could taste the flavor of come, which could have been mine but which I suspected was the contractor's.

When I asked her what had happened, she told me that the contractor had given her a written estimate, and when she'd turned to put it on the table he had again put his hand on her ass, this time caressing her firm round buttocks. She had gotten so excited that she had spun around and pushed him back onto the sofa, and then had taken out his cock and started to suck him.

She had even considered climbing on him and fucking him, but he had gotten too excited and had come in her mouth sooner than she wished. She had swallowed as much as she could, but obviously some of it had escaped her.

Lily and I wound up having a very hot fuck as we talked about all the fun she would have during the construction process. And we were right. It turned out to be a very wild time. She did get to fuck the guy a number of times, and his helper too. Also the completed project looks great, so it was a good deal all the way around.—*T.L., Montpelier, Vermont*

"She bobbed her head back and forth, deep-throating me, and she hungrily gulped every last drop of my sperm down her throat"

His joy was watching his young wife with a horny older man

My 25-year-old wife Nina and I often spend our evenings at a local bar. One of the other regular customers is an older man named Hal, who always flirts with Nina. Hal is a widower in his 50s, who lost his wife to cancer a few years ago, and he always tells Nina that she reminds him of Joanne, his late wife.

In addition to that he is always giving her presents, things like his wife's old clothes and jewelry. He once asked me if I minded him giving her gifts, and I told him I didn't. He is, after all, rather lonely and sad. Besides, the jewelry is

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rather expensive, and the dresses are actually pretty damn sexy.

Finally Nina and I invited Hal over to dinner one night, so we could thank him for the gifts, and he accepted. When the night came Nina looked drop-dread sexy. She had put on a black minidress and black stockings, but, surprisingly, no underwear. I was puzzled but also kind of excited, wondering what she might be up to.

When Hal arrived his eyes nearly popped out of his head as he saw Nina. He could hardly keep his eyes off her throughout dinner. We had some wine with the meal, and some more afterward, and Hal kept commenting on how beautiful Nina was, and how much she looked like his wife.

Then at one point Nina, perhaps a little tipsy due to the wine, suggested that maybe Hal would like to see her model some of the clothes he had given her. Hal, of course, jumped at the chance, and Nina proceeded to put on a small fashion show for him. She modeled the dresses and things he had given her, one by one, and every time she went to change, Hal would tell me how sexy she was. She came back each time with an outfit more revealing than the last, until finally she came in wearing a silk bra-like top, a pair of hot pants that went right up her butt crack and thigh-high leather boots. I actually saw Hal get a bulge in his pants.

Nina was obviously having fun, so I put on some music and started to dance with her, slowly rubbing her body. She moaned into my ear, so I went further and started to undress her. When I undid her top and released her tits she didn't complain, so I started to lick and caress them.

All this while Nina had been staring at Hal, and I could see that he was enjoying the show. Now she reached out her hand for him to join us. He rose and moved up behind her and began stroking her body. It didn't take us long to get her naked between us, and she obviously loved the feeling of being groped by two sets of hands. After a minute I stepped back and sat in a chair, my cock in my hand as I watched this much older man fondling my wife.

Nina now turned to face Hal, then reached down and felt the bulge in his pants, and I heard her gasp. When she unzipped him and pulled out his dick, I could see why. He was fucking huge! She immediately dropped to her knees and started licking his pole. She tried sucking it, but she had trouble fitting it all in her mouth. She looked as though she was worshipping it as she went on kissing and licking every inch.

I was jerking at my own cock when Hal got down and pushed Nina gently onto her back. He then looked at me, as if for approval, and when I nodded he hurriedly pushed his pants and shorts to his ankles. Then he got on top of her and spread her legs. Nina moaned as he ran the tip of his cock up and down her slit. Then he slid his full length into her with one smooth thrust. She let out a wild howl of pleasure, and he began fucking away at her as she writhed and rolled from side to side on the floor. Her moans got louder and her breathing harsher. She was soon making yelping sounds, and then she screamed as her climax hit her. Hal let out a hoarse groan, his face red, as he shot his entire load inside her spasming cunt.

Hal stayed most of the night, fucking Nina in every way he could think of. He has since been back several times, and has even introduced Nina to Fred, his 60-year-old friend. They make a really hot threesome, and I never tire of watching them.—*F.L., Miami, Florida*

"It didn't take us long to get her naked between us, and she obviously loved the feeling of being groped by two sets of hands"

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Window Watchers

He thought the bombshell brunette was out of his league, until he discovered how needy she was—and knew he had her in his pocket

She was a tall bombshell of a brunette. Her legs seemed to go on for miles, and you could make out the faint outline of her nipples trying to peek out from beneath the fabric of her red dress. She was something to look at.

Dennis had watched her graceful gait as she strode across the restaurant, making her way to a small table near the bar. For an hour he had watched intently, admiring her from afar. She had sat all that time with her legs crossed, looking back at the door every now and again, as if waiting on someone. He wondered who the lucky guy was who would be fucking her tonight.

Now, in response to his staring, she smiled politely, then after looking back at the door again ordered herself another glass of wine.

"Dude," his friend Roger said, "if you're going to keep staring, you should just go over and ask her out."

"I couldn't," Dennis said. "She's obviously waiting on someone."

"Well, it's been an hour," Roger said, "and that's her fourth glass of wine. At least buy the woman a drink."

"Maybe you're right," Dennis replied. "I'll buy her a drink. But I doubt that she'd be interested in me."

Shortly afterward the waiter brought her another glass of wine, just as she was finishing the one sitting in front of her. He pointed to the booth where the two men were sitting to indicate where it had come from. She turned, raised her glass and smiled to express her appreciation.

After the waiter walked away, Dennis watched as she slid from her seat, picked up her glass and made her way to their booth. His cock twitched as she walked across the room. Her heels made a clacking sound against the floor as she approached.

"Thank you for the wine," she said. "May I sit down?"

"Of course," Dennis said as he slid over to make room for her on his side. "I'm Dennis, and this is my friend Roger."

The three of them sat at the table getting acquainted, and after a while Dennis noticed that Juliet was no longer checking the door. She seemed to be having a good time with her new friends, especially him!

"Well, kids," Roger said, "you're going to have to pardon me, but I have a wife I should get home to before it gets dark."

"It was very nice to meet you," Juliet said. "Be safe going home." She got up, letting Dennis get up to say good-bye to his friend. While they shook hands, she slid back into the corner of the booth.

"Well," Dennis said after Roger left, "it seems it's just the two of us now."

"So it would seem," Juliet said in a sultry voice. "Look, let's cut to the chase. I was obviously here for a date who didn't show, you find me attractive, I find *you* attractive, and my pussy is wet and wanting—it hasn't been fucked in too long. So what do you say we go back to your place?"

She blushed after saying all that, then apologized for being so blunt. "But it's true. I've been out of the game a long time and need to feel a cock in me." She licked her lips while staring at his crotch. "I want it so bad, I can almost taste it." It seemed clear she was imagining *literally tasting* his cock. It twitched again.

"Let me finish my drink," he said, "and we'll go."

Dennis knew now he had her in his pocket, and couldn't resist the urge to tease her a little. With a devilish grin, he slid his hand slowly up her thigh, drawing an audible gasp of anticipation and excitement from her ruby red lips. He toyed with her for a while, letting his fingertips just reach the top, then sliding his hand back down.

"You're driving me crazy already," she whispered. "Can we go?"

"Not yet," Dennis whispered back, leaning in to nibble her ear. He let his fingers part her lips while he whispered naughty little things in her ear. Her skin was soft and oh-so-smooth as his finger glided gently up and down her slit.

She seemed to be trying, unsuccessfully, to keep her-

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self under control. "Christ! If you keep that up you're going to make me come," she moaned in his ear.

"Good!" he whispered. "*Come* for me. We're not leaving until you do."

Within seconds her pussy was flooding and her hips were jerking with a small orgasm. Dennis had never felt so confident, so dominating. It excited the hell out of him, and now he couldn't wait to get Juliet back to his place. They left the bar hand in hand, walking to his high-rise apartment just around the corner.

Upstairs in the apartment she looked out the window and exclaimed, "What an incredible view!"

"The view is pretty incredible from where I'm standing too," he said. "Why don't you make yourself at home while I go change out of this suit and tie?"

He found an even more incredible view when he returned. She was just finishing shimmying out of her dress, and now stood by the window stark naked.

"Now *that's* a view," he said as he approached her.

"Do you like what you see?" she said, bending over slightly and shaking her ass at him.

"Let's close these up," Dennis said as he walked toward the window, intending to shut the curtains.

"No, *leave* them," Juliet said. "I *like* to be watched."

He stepped up behind her and pressed his body to hers, pushing her nipples into the cool glass of the window. A few passersby stopped and looked up from below, then walked on. She seemed aroused at the thought of the strangers seeing her naked, and as he pressed his growing bulge into her ass, he was surprised to realize that the idea excited him too!

"You have entirely too many clothes on," she said. When she turned to face him, he saw for the first time just how magnificent her breasts were. They were large, and natural. They had a slight sag, and sloped upward just before the nipple. She had small dark brown areolae. Her nipples were bright pink and fully erect from the cool of the glass and from her arousal. Tiny diamond-encrusted Penthouse Pet nipple piercings dangled from each.

"You like?" she asked, giving each a slight tug.

"Oh my!" he exclaimed.

He reached around and grabbed a handful of her long hair and tugged it ever so lightly to pull her head back while he devoured her neck. He thought he felt her twitch with excitement, and thought he felt her actually getting hotter as he nibbled and sucked on her neck.

She ran her hands down the thin trail of hair on his chest, making her way to his shorts below. She pulled the drawstring, and they fell to the floor. His cock sprang free. She stroked it softly. As it hardened, she teased it with her touch.

When he couldn't take any more, he released her hair and cupped her breasts. Tenderly, he caressed each nipple with his tongue before sucking down hard and pinching it lightly between his teeth. "Ah, ahh, *ahhh*," she cried out. He was almost sure he heard her moaning, "Fuck me now!"

Dennis spun Juliet around and walked her backwards until she fell back on the bed. The sun was going down, but the lights in the room lit it up for everyone outside who was looking to see. He dropped to his knees on the floor, and she spread her pussy with her fingers. She toyed with her clit, and he pushed her thighs farther apart to admire the view. He inhaled deeply as the aroma of her pussy filled the air.

He plunged his face between her legs and sucked down hard on her clit. Immediately, she began to buckle and jerk her hips in a regular rhythm. She seemed to want to come as badly as he wanted it. While continuing to suck and tongue-flick her clit, he slid his middle two fingers deep inside her.

"Oh fuck, yeah!" she cried out. "I'm going to come! *I'm going to come!*"

She rocked her hips faster, then grabbed the back of his head and pulled him down harder on her clit. Her whole body trembled in

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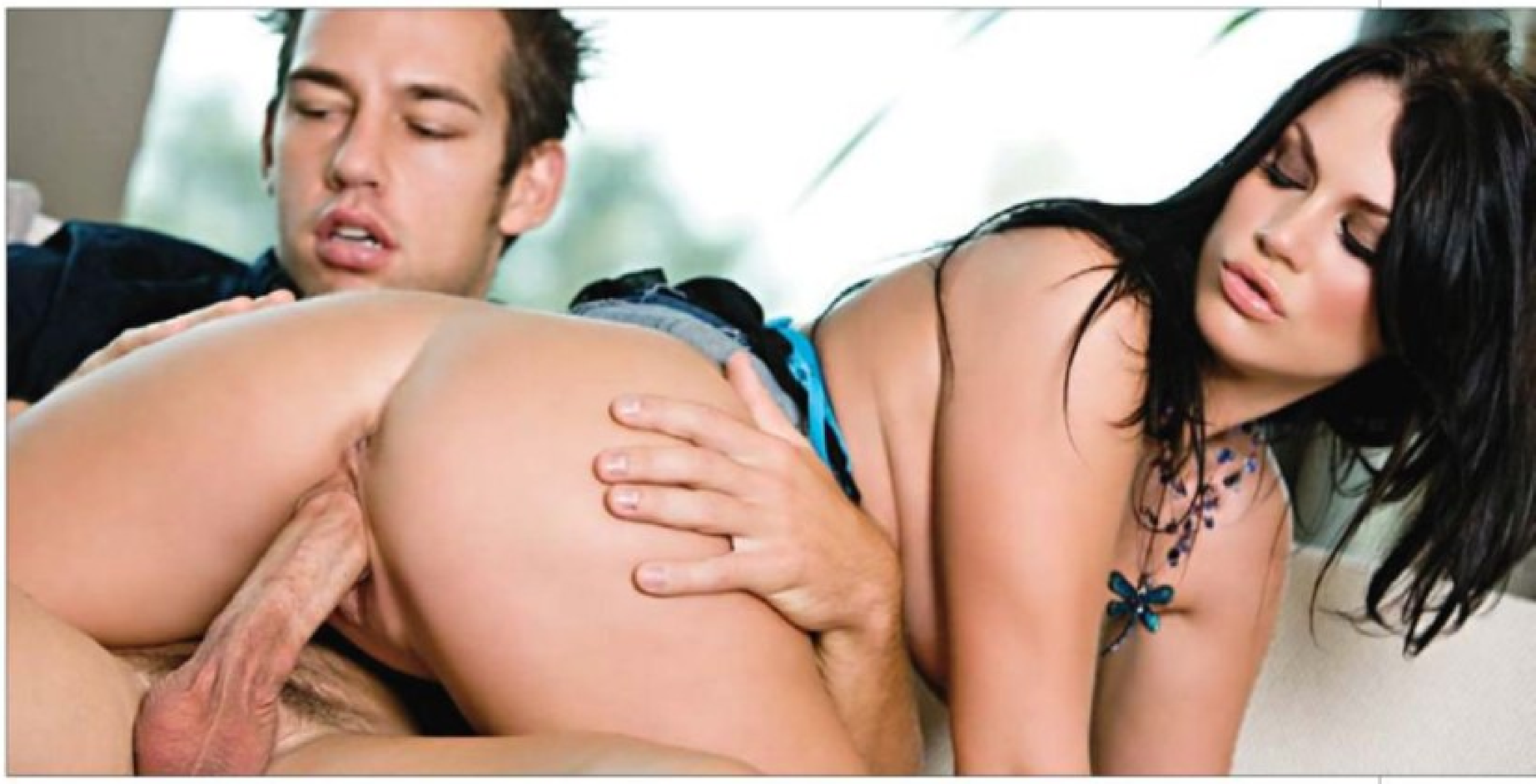
orgasm. She lifted him free of her clit and pulled him up and kissed him—hard at first, then lighter as she licked off her come. While their tongues intertwined, he continued grinding his fingers rhythmically inside her. It wasn't long before he felt her shudder as she had another orgasm.

Juliet fell back on the bed, appearing both exhausted and elated, and wanting more of the pleasures Dennis was offering her. He pulled his fingers from her wet pussy and let her lay there awhile and catch her breath. When she calmed down, she began to



"He pumped gently in and out of her, allowing her pussy time to adjust. It was almost all he could do not to explode"

do some teasing of her own.

She slid back down to the edge of the bed and kissed him tenderly. "My turn," she whispered as she reached down and grabbed his cock. "It's so hard," she said, "and yet it feels so soft to the touch! It's so silky smooth, and your hands are so beautifully manicured." As she continued stroking his cock, which was only average in length but was unusually thick, she purred, "That's the thickest cock I've ever seen. I'm trying to imagine what it would feel like in my tight pussy, how it would stretch it out."

She stroked him with the lightest of touches, barely letting her hand graze his cock. The tenderness of her touch drove him wild. His thighs began to tremble. He started rocking his hips back and forth, fucking her hand in unison with her strokes. "Oh God, yeah, baby, that's it," he groaned.

"Not yet," she said. "My naughty little boy doesn't get to come yet."

With that, she slid back on the bed and rolled over. She placed a foot on each side of his cock and began to massage it. The feeling of her feet on his cock was like nothing he had ever experienced before. It was incredibly erotic. Judging from the way she pressed the ball of her foot against his balls while using the heels to stroke him, this was not her first time doing this.

Dennis was so close, on the edge. He wanted the release, but he knew Juliet wasn't about to give it. Not yet. "Unless you want me to come," he panted, "you better fuck me now."

"Well, maybe you should come then," she replied. "Spray it all over my ass."

"No, I don't think so," he said. He grabbed her feet and pulled her back to the edge of the bed, then said, "Get up on your knees." She did. He pressed the head of his cock against her lips. She was still moist from coming. He grabbed a handful of her long hair and pulled her head back, then placed his other hand on her hip and began to bury his cock in her. Her pussy was tight. He felt it clamp down on his cock.

"Oh shit!" she cried out between moans as he penetrated her. "I've never had such a thick cock in me."

He pumped slowly and gently in and out of her, allowing her pussy time to adjust to his girth. It was almost all he could do not to explode instantly. Her body responded physically to every inch of him that she took inside her. She was hot, wet, tight.

"*Harder!*" she moaned, almost under her breath, as she pushed back into him.

"Oh, you like that, do you?" he said. "You want it hard? No holds barred?" He pushed harder in her with each thrust, and with each thrust there was a smacking sound as his hips butted up against her round ass, making it shake.

Juliet looked out the window to the apartments

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across the street. There was a man standing in a window watching them. He was tall and thin. She watched as he stroked his cock in unison with the fucking she was getting. She grew hotter. He watched her get pounded, her breasts heaving back and forth. She thrust herself back even harder against Dennis's thrusts.

Her legs began to buckle, and she cried out, "Fuck, I'm going to come again!" Now she was shouting, "Fuck me! Fuck me!" Her legs trembled and shook as she exploded. It was clear from his breathing that he was close too. She lurched forward so that his cock slid out. In one motion she rolled over and sat in front of him, then grabbed his cock and jerked him fast and hard.

"You *want* it?" he asked.

"*Give* it to me," she said. "I want to feel your come all over my breasts."

She tightened her grip, and with two more strokes hot come began streaming from his cock. He groaned and placed his hands on her shoulders to keep from falling down. He felt like he had never come so hard. He leaned forward, collapsing onto the bed.

Juliet peered out the window. The man across the way was still watching, even as he smeared his own come all over the window with his cock. Then the man closed his curtains, leaving her smiling sheepishly.

Juliet got up, and with Dennis lying there, went and closed the curtains and turned out the lights. By the time she returned to the bed he was already snoring. She slid under the covers and covered him up as well, then drifted off to sleep.

It was early morning when Juliet awoke. The first light of dawn peeked through the opening in the curtains. She wondered if the horny man across the way would be at his window watching. She slid out of bed, tiptoed to the window and peeked between the curtains. Across the way the curtains were open but she didn't see him. She noticed that the smeared come was no longer on the window.

She made her way across the room and found the bathroom. She decided that what she needed was a nice long hot shower. When she finally made her way back to the bedroom, she found Dennis standing naked next to the window. The curtains were completely open.

"I see our friend from last night is back," he said.

"Oh really," Juliet said. "I didn't know if you saw him watching us. Shall we give him another show?" As they stood naked in front of the window, she slid her arms around him from behind. They pretended not to notice that he was there, that he was watching them. He was fully dressed this time, but his eyes were glued to them. "I say we give him a quick show before I go," she said. "What do you think?"

"Just what'd you have in mind?" he replied.

"This," she said, dropping to her knees and sucking his limp cock in her mouth while gently stroking his balls. He let out an instant groan. As he began to harden, he stretched her lips farther and farther apart. She stroked his shaft and held it in place while she caressed the head with her tongue. She flicked it back and forth

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"Juliet said, 'Shall we give him a show?' As they stood naked at the window, they pretended not to notice him watching"

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over the head a few more times, then took him back in her mouth. He reached down, weaving his fingers in her hair while he pumped in and out of her mouth.

Occasionally Dennis sneaked a glance out of the corner of his eye to see if his neighbor was still watching. He knew he was lucky to be fucking such a hot-ass woman, and he knew how the man in the window must feel, knowing he would probably never get so lucky.

The heat radiating from her mouth and the silky smoothness of her tongue was insanely intense—every flit of the tongue, every gasp for air each time she came up. Dennis could tell Juliet loved to suck cock. Some women just slobber on it and bob up and down, but she was different. He could tell that every stroke gave her great pleasure.

It wasn't two minutes before he was ready to come again, and she pushed him toward it. Each time she went down, she took him farther into her throat. The last time, she engulfed his cock and just held him there sucking him while he damn near tickled her tonsils. It was more than he could take, and he soon felt the come rushing upward through his cock and then pouring into her mouth.

As Dennis's cock heaved in Juliet's mouth, he let out groans of pleasure and gripped her hair tighter. When he was done, she pulled back and opened her mouth for him to see the load he'd just planted there, then swallowed it down. He helped her to her feet. She kissed him. He tasted remnants of his juices on her lips.

Breaking the kiss, she giggled and said, "I really must be going. I have to get home to my husband."

"I didn't know you were married," he said. "There isn't going to be some guy come kick my ass now, is there?"

"It's okay," she assured him. "You have nothing to worry about. Thank you for such a nice evening and a good morning."

They both waved to the man across the way and laughed. Dennis walked Juliet to the door and kissed her good-bye. He'd offered her a ride, but she said she didn't live far and preferred to walk.

After she left, he walked back to the window. The friendly watcher was gone. He looked down and saw Juliet leaving the building. He watched how her ass swayed as if waving good-bye while she crossed the street. Then he watched, astonished, as she headed straight for *the building directly across the street*. He couldn't believe it—she lived in the building across the street! He left the window and grabbed a bottle of water out of the fridge.

Juliet couldn't wait to get home. In the cool of the morning, with her hair still wet from the shower and her nipples erect, she had felt Dennis's gaze on her from the window, and made sure to put a little extra swing into each step just for him, smiling as she did so. She was getting a lot of looks, and with her ass half hanging out of her dress, she figured people thought she was a hooker. And the thought excited her.

Going up in the elevator she recapped the events of the previous night in her mind. The taste of Dennis's sweet nectar lingered on her lips. In her apartment she called out, "I'm home," as she kicked her heels off.

"I see you had a good time," came the reply from across the room.

"I told you he could be had, and you could watch," she said. "Did you enjoy your show?"

"Mmm, you know I did," he said. "Did you tell him you were married?"

"Of course I did," she said. "Now let's see if he can put two and two together."

They made their way to the window just as Dennis returned to *his* window with his bottle of water, and looked down at the street. He was still in shock that Juliet lived so close and he never knew. He'd have to start paying more attention! He wondered if he would ever see her again.

He looked up, toward the window where their watcher had stood, and to his amazement *there she was!* She waved. A few moments later there was the man, standing beside her. She pointed to her wedding ring and then to the man next to her. They both started laughing.

Well, I'll be damned, Dennis thought. He smiled and waved back, then looked on, waiting for the show to begin.

—G.W., Peoria, Illinois

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it's about time!

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As "the voice of reason," the last place she wanted to go for spring break was the "party central" of Cancún. But her best friend pointed out that, being 22, "you're only young once"

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feature by heather cohen

My best friend Julia suggested we book a trip to Cancún for spring break. At first I was wary, since I grew up watching the MTV cameras capturing spring breakers making fools of themselves there. I am not one to expose a lot of skin, join in on wet T-shirt contests, get drunk or make out on a whim, let alone actually *have sex* with strangers, which the spring break crowd is famous for. So I knew Cancún wasn't the place for me.

All my friends refer to me as the shy overachiever, the overpleaser whose biggest fear is losing control. There's some truth to that, since I view partying and getting wasted as a poor excuse to hook up and act irresponsible. (I was proud to say I never got wasted.) Throughout my teenage years and early 20s, the only time I had sex was with my long-term boyfriend, and it took almost a year for *him* to pop my cherry. We have since broken up, him doing the breaking, complaining that he needed more sex.

It's not that I don't know how to have fun. I just don't need to embarrass myself by overexposing myself. I've witnessed too many of my friends making themselves vulnerable, having sex with heartless jerks, falling into the trap that girls can have sex with no strings attached. As the voice of reason, *I'm* the one who ends up supplying the tissues after my friends' booty calls make them feel cheap and used.

"Can't we go somewhere more relaxing?" I pleaded with Julia. "Somewhere less 'party central'?"

"Come on, Haley," she said, still sitting glued to her laptop researching travel sites. "You're only young once."

"Why does young have to mean stupid?" I said.

"Who said anything about stupid?" she said. "It's not like you've even been to Cancún. Don't knock it till you've tried it." With total disregard for my party phobia, she was scrolling through screenfuls of Cancún trips.

"Why not Aruba?" I said. "I heard the beaches are beautiful, the sunsets are sensational, and—"

Julia cut me off. "Sounds like a perfect honeymoon spot," she teased. "We're only 22. We need nightlife, not a romantic getaway."

I rolled my eyes. I hated to admit that maybe she was right. Maybe I *was* just being difficult.

"Look!" she said. "I found a three-star resort offering a great all-inclusive deal." I leaned in closer to view the details, and was intrigued enough to agree to take the virtual tour. We saw

a tropical oasis filled with palm trees, blue skies and white sandy beaches.

"So what do you think?" Julia said. "The place even has a swim-up bar!"

She knew I wasn't keen on drinking. Nevertheless, even though every bone in my body was telling me not to fall for the hype, the photos of fresh-faced kids partying it up were calling out my name. My friend was right, Cancún looked too good to pass up.

"Let's book it!" I said, handing Julia my credit card (since hers was maxed out). She grabbed the card in a flash to make sure I didn't come to my senses and change my mind.

A month later Julia and I boarded the plane headed for Mexico. I had to admit I was stoked about the trip. I had yet to go on a vacation without my family. I felt grown-up, and was looking forward to time away without round-the-clock parental supervision, or the annoying presence of my older brother.

I imagined maybe even forgoing some of my "good girl" ways—but promised myself I wouldn't allow my morals to crash and burn on the other side of the border. It was just a chance to try to peel away some of my inhibitions. Sipping a few tropical drinks, for a start. In my newfound free-spirited vacation mind-set, I might go so far as to allow myself to make out with a worthy guy—as Julia reminds me regularly, a little fun never killed anyone. So a little fun was on the program, but nothing more.

However, almost as soon as we arrived at the hotel, throwing on our bikinis and swimming up to that swim-up pool bar, my "program" hit a bump. Julia ordered us pink drinks that I figured were nonalcoholic. I chugged a couple, and soon my brain felt fuzzy. I was giggling at everything. After my third, I asked Julia why I was feeling tipsy from the fruity concoctions.

"Silly, those drinks have *major* alcohol in them," she said, laughing. She knew I'd never gotten drunk before.

"Oh, no wonder my head's spinning," I whined.

"What 'd you think, I'd give you virgin drinks?" she said, clanking my plastic cup with hers. "Drinks are all-inclusive. Remember, we're here to have *fun*!"

Against my better judgment I finished the third drink. And that's when I began making a fool of myself. I swam toward the deep end of the pool, and given that my brain was awash in alcohol I shouldn't have been surprised that I nearly drowned. I couldn't even manage a dog paddle. I felt more like a dying frog. My arms flailed, and I swal-

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lowed water each time I bobbed up to the surface. I felt myself starting to black out when I caught a glimpse of a shadowy figure moving toward me. Miraculously, I was scooped out of the water and laid down flat on a towel on the concrete floor by the pool.

I choked a few times, then spit up some water. Finally I regained my faculties, and when my eyes came into focus, my field of vision was filled with a bronzed muscular figure. Scorching brown eyes were boring into me, and a pair of full lips was so close to my face, I felt warm breath tickling my skin.

"Are you okay?" His sexy Latin accent echoed in my ears.

"Yeah," I gasped, "I'm more embarrassed than anything." I propped myself up off the towel, resting my weight on my elbows while peering into the eyes of the hottest man I ever came in contact with.

"*Muy bonita*," he said under his breath. I smiled, since thanks to my high school Spanish I knew he had referred to me as "very pretty." He extended his hand and helped me get upright. I was shaky standing, still groggy from consuming so much alcohol, and then all that pool water.

"Thanks for saving me," I said weakly. To keep me steady he drew me toward his buff body. When he wrapped his arm around my waist, my heart fluttered. I couldn't help it. My eyes were fixed on his rippled muscles. I was so tipsy, I almost reached out and touched him.

"Where are you from?" he asked. I noticed that he was studying my body as well.

"Montana," I said. "But I'm on spring break." I guess I was trying to rationalize why I was misbehaving.

"Yeah, I grew up around here," he said. "It can get pretty wild. Try not to get too crazy." As we linked fingers, I felt light-headed.

"I promise I'll try," I said, winking in my version of flirtatiousness. "No need to worry about me. I am always the responsible one."

As soon as the words escaped my mouth, I knew I was about to break one of my cardinal guy rules: *Never make the first move*. I wasn't sure if it was the alcohol making me brave or gratitude for my rescue, but walking alongside the pool hand in hand with my gorgeous rescuer was making me totally horny. Without an ounce of hesitation I brushed my lips over his moist, luscious ones. I caught him off guard—he was in mid-sentence when I slipped my tongue in his mouth and set it to tangling with *his* tongue.

When he recovered from his surprise, he cradled my face in his hands and flooded me with steamy kisses. This time when my knees began to wobble I knew it wasn't because of my drinking or near-drowning, it was from the passionate make-out session.

Our kisses quickly elevated to stand-up dry humping. Since my bathing suit was made of such flimsy material, I felt my rescuer's erection rubbing against my swollen button, making my nipples so hard that they were protruding through my bikini top.

Abandoning my usual caution, I reached below his waist and through his bathing trunks fondled his ball sac. He quickly broke away from our heated embrace.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Don't you want me?"

What had gotten into me? I could only blame the intense Mexican heat,

"He must have been enjoying my lickjob, because he was moaning, encouraging me to stuff my mouth with his entire sausage. However, that seemed like it'd be a huge challenge"

and the intense Mexican standing beside me. I wasn't behaving at all like myself. First I threw myself at a complete stranger, and then I challenged his hesitation to take things further!

"Actually, I have to teach a scuba lesson in a few minutes," he said, glancing at the clock hanging above the pool.

"Oh, I didn't realize that you work here," he said. "I don't want to get you in trouble. I guess I'll join my friend for lunch." He didn't seem concerned, since he patted my ass playfully in front of everyone.

We agreed to meet after his shift was over. I felt better that he hadn't blown me off. Still, when I lunched with Julia I had some apprehension about my planned hookup. She expressed shock when I told her I was going to meet up with my Mexican stud later. She warned me that we were in a foreign place and I shouldn't go so fast with someone I didn't know.

In just a day the tables had turned! I was always the voice of reason, trying to convince my friend to think rationally. Now I was the hothead, allowing my moist pussy to lead the way. I assured Julia that I wouldn't let anything get out of hand. She urged me at least to stay on the resort grounds, and like a protective mother she gave me one of her phone cards, insisting that I shouldn't hesitate to call her if I felt like I was in any sort of danger. I couldn't help but laugh. She really needed to find her own play-buddy.

After lunch I changed into a miniskirt that accented my long slender legs, a tank top that showed off my flat stomach and voluptuous tits, and a pair of lacy panties framing my fine ass. I admired my sun-kissed skin. Wow, there was something about Mexico that gave my skin a glowing natural bronze tone. Before I headed out I spritzed my neck with a vanilla-coconut body spray.

I found the man I'd been lusting for all afternoon standing under a swaying palm tree. I admired how his jet-black hair blew across his scruffy, chiseled face. Along with the gorgeous face came his sexy body—muscular legs, a ripped six-pack and a love trail leading toward his concealed package. When our eyes locked, I felt my panties moistening. His intoxicating chocolate eyes and rock-hard body had powers unto themselves, not least the power to make me shed my good-girl self.

"*¿Qué pasa?*" he said.

I wondered why that sounded so much sexier in Spanish. Whenever a guy back home asked me "what's up," I tended to ignore him, thinking he lacked originality. For some reason I found this the sexiest question imaginable, and responded in kind.

"I hope *you're* up," I said, giggling. And by the look of things, he *was*. He had a high rise in his pants. When he wrapped his arm around my slender waist, I ground my twat through his pants into his boner. He slunk his fingers up my tank top until he made full contact with my bare full breasts. From his mere touch my nipples stiffened. He tweaked them while reaching under my miniskirt and finding my swollen clit through my lace panties. I threw my head back as he fondled my mound and tits. I was fired up.

"Let's go someplace more private," he suggested. Onlookers were taking notice of our playful encounter.

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"Would you like to go back to my room?" I suggested, trying not to lose all my good sense.

He suggested that we hang out in his bungalow down by the beach. Surprisingly, my sluttiness radar didn't kick in. I found myself heading with him to a secluded area with no worries, only sensual fantasies.

His metal-roofed place wasn't impressive, yet I couldn't wait to enter our love shack. Inside, there was a weathered mattress on the floor, a rusty, dripping sink, a shower stall in the corner and an outdated stereo. He flicked on the stereo, and it put out soft romantic melodies. As they filled the room, he peeled off all his clothes. My horniness got the best of me as I viewed his masterpiece. I couldn't wait another second and kneeled before him and took hold of his impressive shaft. I licked it, swirling my tongue all along the mushroom head while my hand stroked the shaft.

He must have been enjoying my lickjob, because he was moaning, encouraging me to stuff my mouth with his entire sausage. However, that seemed like it'd be a huge challenge. His manhood looked to be a foot long, and thicker than I was accustomed to. Regardless of my lack of experience giving BJs—let alone to a monster dick—I opened my mouth the widest it could possibly open and slowly he slid his cock in until it was all the way in. I thought I was going to gag, but I relaxed and found a comfort zone, and proceeded to suck him eagerly.

"Oh yeah, suck my cock!" he urged. The faster he pumped it, the faster my strokes, sucks and licks became. No longer was I intimidated by his meat. I commanded it masterfully. I creamed myself when I heard him grunting with pleasure, reaching his breaking point. I wasn't brave enough to try to swallow his load, since I gathered it would be abundant, judging by the size of him, so I released his dick from my mouth—just in time for the monster to explode all over my face. Oh, how I relished that hot come shower!

"How 'bout I get a taste of *you*?" he said, tossing me onto the mattress and stripping off all my clothes. He headed right to my moist pussy. "Wow, you're really wet." The instant his smoldering tongue snaked over my stiff clit, I was wincing in ecstasy. I thrashed around as his magical tongue probed my pussy. It didn't take long before I lost control, smashing my twat onto his face. He lapped up all my juices as I convulsed in the biggest and loudest O of my young life.

When I thought we were finished for the night, I caught a glimpse of his elongated, glistening hard-on inching toward my drenched hole. As he leaned over me, I worried that he might stretch my labia to the point of making me look like I had given birth to six kids. But all concern dissipated when he slowly but steadily plowed his big cock in me. Surprisingly, my pussy accommodated that huge pole. I almost melted. When he started fucking me slowly, I held on for the ride of my life.

Every thrust was divine. Passion enveloped us, and we fucked wildly. Our bodies were soon drenched from the energy we put into our screw session. When he hit the right spot, my breathing became heavy and I felt my blood rush down toward my pussy. I clutched his ass, making sure he focused on my bingo-over-the-top area. In a complete rush, my legs shook in a spasm, followed by the rest of my body, until I broke out in another earth-shattering orgasm. While I shuddered, he shot his load. Our creams mixed and ran down my leg.

I curled up with him until the sun came up. "Morning, sunshine," a husky voice whispered in my ear.

At first I was in a fog, disoriented as to my whereabouts. When my eyes came into focus, I was greeted by the allure of my Mexican lover's morning wood in my face. Instantly, I drew it into my mouth and gave him my best treatment. From his moans I guessed he wouldn't last too long, and I was right. After I'd sucked him for only a few minutes, he burst. I swallowed his endless flow, and it tasted delectable.

When I finally got back to my hotel room, Julia had left a note for me to meet her poolside. I got into another eye-pleasing bikini and found my friend catching rays. I reclined on the lounge next to her and tapped her thigh to get her attention.

"Hey, Haley," she said, "you had me worried last night. I couldn't sleep. Now I know how my mother feels when I'm out partying. You couldn't have just given me a ring?" She propped her sunglasses on top of her head so she could stare me down in an attempt to make me feel guilty. It wasn't working.

"I was busy," I said.

"I'm sure you were," she said, shaking her head.

"Anyway," I said, "he invited me to a wet T-shirt contest tonight. He thinks I can win the $5000 prize." I smiled at her, ignoring her frown.

"Haley," she said, "you don't even know his name, do you?"

"Well, no," I admitted.

"You slept with a stranger, and now you're entering a wet T-shirt contest. Haley, what got into you?" she asked,

"I'm having a little fun," I said.

"Well," she said, "*it's about time!*" •

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MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY

As she prepared for the arrival of this young man she hadn't seen in so long, she reminded herself that he was her late husband's nephew—and he still called her "Aunt Kelly"

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AUNTKELLY

After being widowed, remarried and divorced I planned to remain single, since I had an incurable habit of not being able to keep my steaming panties on. If some good-looking guy made a pass at me, I would catch it with open legs and a wet pussy.

Luckily, my first husband loved me dearly and understood my nymphomania; he always welcomed me home regardless of my indiscretions. However, my second husband found and read part of one of my diaries and was unable to get it up for me after knowing I'd been intimate with all those men. I tried to get him to understand my past, but just days after he married me he moved into the guest room. I went back to an old lover's bed to get a healthy hard cock, then on to divorce court, shortly becoming a free woman who still had hot pants.

I dated several men each week to avoid anyone becoming possessive or attached. I also got the variety I enjoyed so much. The men were aware I was seeing others while seeing them, and the competition seemed to invigorate their sex drives. The only thing I really missed was the warmth and security you have when you're in a loving relationship and wake up most mornings in the arms of the man you love. (The only times I didn't sleep with my first husband were the nights when I was traveling on business or he was off with the guys.)

I was pleasantly surprised to receive a call from my first husband Ray's nephew Jamie, who was in town and wanted to take me out to dinner. I had always enjoyed him visiting us during summer vacations, up until he got his first summer job when he was 16, and I looked forward to seeing him again. He had a big feud with his parents (Ray's sister and brother-in-law) and moved to the West Coast, where he had been since he was 19. Before he left he visited us one last time, and though we'd spoken occasionally on the phone, that was the last time I'd seen him.

The man I was supposed to go to a NASCAR race with for the weekend wasn't at all happy when I broke the news to him, but a good dose of pussy has a way of soothing a man's hurt ego, and we made arrangements to do something together later.

I had suggested to Jamie that we go to my club, where we could get a table in the corner and enjoy visiting without being pressured to vacate the table. When I called to make a reservation, I specifically requested a secluded table.

I may be older, but I love sexy lingerie, since it makes me feel younger than my years, so I don't even own any other type of undies. I decided to wear all white lingerie with a light blue button-up dress hemmed two inches above my knees. I left the two top buttons undone, enough to show the deep cleavage between my 34Cs—on that last visit Jamie paid us before moving out West, I remembered him stealing looks down my blouse.

I took a final look in the mirror before going down to wait for Jamie and thought, well, you don't look bad for a 56-year-old, but behave yourself tonight, this is Ray's nephew! I reminded myself that when he phoned, he still called me "Aunt Kelly."

My thoughts were interrupted by the doorbell. I answered it to find that Jamie had grown up to be quite a handsome man, to put it mildly. Just looking at him had my whole body tingling. He leaned down, kissed each of my cheeks and gave me a warm hug—until I grabbed my purse and said we better hurry and not be late.

We were hardly out of the driveway when Jamie apologized for not being able to attend Uncle Ray's services. I

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"As I got out of the car, I noticed Jamie checking out my legs. The look in his eyes told me he was just as curious as he'd been on that last visit before he moved out West"

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told him I understood that his personal situation at the time made him unable to get away, and not to give it another thought. For myself, I was glad to have that subject out of the way—now we could have a much better reunion.

As I got out of the car, I noticed Jamie checking out my legs, and undoubtedly catching a flash of lace. The look in his eyes told me he was just as curious as he'd been on that last visit before he moved out West. I took the arm he offered as we walked in.

Jamie and I enjoyed a wonderful night of reminiscing. I was careful not to drink too much, but he really socked it away, so as we left, I said that I was driving and he was staying at the house until morning, whether he liked it or not. He just gave me a little look that said you're the boss.

At the house I showed him upstairs to the guest room and said we would finish our talk in the morning. I went back down to lock up and get a glass of wine to take up with me. I saw that Jamie's light was out and figured that he was too. Before I turned in to my room I pushed the door partway closed, leaving it partly open so I could hear if I was needed.

I stripped to my panties and sat down at my bedroom vanity to brush my hair while I enjoyed my wine. When I finished it, I decided I wanted another glass. When I got up to go downstairs, I thought I saw a shadow in the hallway, but I figured it was my eyes adjusting. When I came back up I stepped on a wet spot in my doorway, and thinking it was wine, I went back to clean it up. It sure wasn't wine! I quickly determined that it was *semen*. Ohmygod! *Jamie had been watching and jerking himself off while I sat there nearly nude?*

Which made me wonder if he was all that drunk or just putting on, knowing that I wouldn't let him drive? I slipped on my robe and went to the guest room, where I found him sleeping peacefully. I turned on the bedside lamp and sat down on the bed, causing him to roll over and rub his eyes.

He asked what was going on, and I handed him the sticky tissue I'd used to wipe up the semen. I said, "I suppose I should be mad at you, but frankly I'm flattered to think you would get excited from seeing this old body."

I saw he was really embarrassed, so I leaned over and gave him a kiss on the lips and told him it was all right, except he should stop calling me Aunt Kelly, since I really wasn't his aunt. He said he was sorry, and especially about making a mess. "You started for the door at the wrong time," he said, "and I just tried to get away quick."

"Let's just forget about it, Jamie," I said. "I'm a lonely woman. Would you mind if I slept with you tonight? It would mean so much to me even if you only held me."

He looked as if he didn't believe me. After a pause he said, "I would like that too. But you should know that I'm naked under this sheet."

I stood up and said, "Then I should be naked too," and slowly dropped my robe. I looked straight at him while I slipped off my panties. His eyes dropped to my bush and he stammered, "Ohmygod, Kelly, I've wanted to see you up close like this ever since I was old enough to know the difference between boys and girls."

I slipped in bed with him and encircled his throbbing erection with my hand. "You grew up to be one hell of a man," I said. "The last time I saw that thing was when you were about five, and now look at it. It's just huge!"

His hands weren't idle but were eagerly exploring my body. He checked out my breasts and swollen nips, then slipped one hand down and ran his

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fingers through my pubic hair. Then he completely cupped my vulva.

He trembled and asked me to stop stroking him or he would have another accident. I gave the base of his impressive erection—a full seven inches, and nice and thick—a good hard squeeze to keep him from coming, then lay back to let him have his way with me. He continued to kiss my ears, neck, lips and breasts, stimulating me until I couldn't stand it and said, "Please, Jamie, I need you to fuck me now."

He raised himself up above me and said, "Are you sure about this?"

As I raised and spread my knees, I said, "Yes, Jamie, we're just a man and woman who want each other, and there isn't anything wrong with that."

I felt his blunt glans part my labia and he nudged his way in to find my entrance, then slipped his entire length up my slippery cunt. He held still for a moment, then proceeded to give me an unbelievable fucking. I met every one of his strokes with one of my own, working toward orgasm together.

It wasn't like the usual lust-driven first-time fuck, but more like the blending of our souls, the way I had felt with Jamie's Uncle Ray. His climax hit him like a tidal wave, and feeling the volleys of his hot cream hit the back wall of my vagina set off *my* climax. I felt his arms encircling me like a warm cocoon as my pussy spasmed again and again around his throbbing cock, milking every last drop of come.

As we lay cuddling and basking in the afterglow of beautiful sex, I realized we hadn't just fucked, we had made love. I knew he'd felt the same when he whispered, "That was beautiful, Kelly. I can't tell you how long I've been waiting to make love to you. I love you, and have forever, and I can only hope that I can win your love if you can share it again. Will you marry me, Kelly?"

I turned and kissed his lips tenderly, then told him to listen carefully to what I was about to say. "First of all," I began, "let me tell you that I just had the best sex I've had since the last time your Uncle Ray made love to me, just a few hours before he was killed. But I have to tell you, there are things about me you don't know, and you wouldn't *want* to know about someone you think you love. Besides that, I'm much older, and I would soon become a burden to you. It would be best if we just remained friends, sweetheart."

Jamie kissed me and said, "It's only fair that I'm honest with you. When I visited you and Uncle Ray that last time before I moved to California, I got so worked up lying in bed fantasizing about you that when you guys went to bed, I sneaked out in the hall and peeked in your bedroom and watched you strip down to your panties and brush your hair like you did tonight, and I watched you lie down on the bed.

"Then Uncle Ray removed your panties and looked closely at your pussy, and said, 'Somebody really fucked the hell out of my sweet little wife today. You're full of come.' His cock was as hard as mine was tonight, and he climbed on and got what he referred to as 'the greatest sloppy seconds on earth.' And you told him he wasn't getting seconds, but fourths or fifths, and you went into great detail about the dirty things some other man did to you earlier that day. All that time I was jerking off, dreaming about being the man who did those things with you."

Jamie mounted me and once again made sweet love to me. This time when it was over we were exhausted and fell contentedly to sleep wrapped in one another's arms.

I was the first to wake up the next morning. I slipped out to the bathroom, and thought about washing my come-crusted pussy but decided against it. I went down to the kitchen and got a couple of glasses of orange juice, and went back upstairs to wake Jamie, who was sleeping peacefully on his back.

I eased the sheet back, then dropped to my knees beside the bed and carefully lifted his flaccid cock from where it slept. I took it in my mouth, and it responded quickly, filling my mouth. I proceeded to give him the best blowjob I was capable of, until he gushed his come down my throat.

He pulled me up on the bed and ate

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and fucked me for the next two hours, until hunger drove us downstairs to eat breakfast. We spent most of the day talking. Finally I admitted I loved him too but wasn't sure that I could ever change my ways because of my nymphomania. I doubted I could remain faithful to him or any other man.

He assured me that he was fully aware of that and found my cheating as arousing as his Uncle Ray had. He suggested we experiment by my going out and having a good time, then returning to him. I decided that this would certainly put him to a test, and me as well, and suggested that he watch from behind the upstairs railing while I did the guy on the sofa,

I accepted a dinner date on Friday with a man named Nat, a guy I'd been with a number of times. I stressed to him that I had to be home early because I had a houseguest. He walked me to my door shortly after nine, and I invited him in for a nightcap. I poured two small glasses of wine and sat beside him on the sofa, saying my guest must have gone to bed early.

As I suspected, Nat wasted little time beginning to make out. I knew that he'd be horny as hell because I hadn't given him any for six weeks and he wouldn't go out with anyone except me. I like Nat, but he's only a piece of ass to me—he just happens to have an eight-inch cock that's as thick as my arm. I thought that if Jamie could handle seeing him pleasure me with that pussy-stretcher, then he could probably handle my lifestyle.

Things progressed rapidly, and Nat soon had my dress around my waist and my wet panties dangling on one ankle while he ate my pussy like a starving man until I squalled loudly as I came in his face. He laid me down lengthways on the sofa and climbed up between my legs, aligned his meaty monster with my pink gash and slid it in my slick cunt inch by inch until he was fully embedded.

I moaned and told him how I loved his huge cock and urged him to fuck me hard. He gave me just what I asked for. There wasn't any love in the way he rammed that meaty appendage relentlessly in and out of my greedy snatch until his orgasm burst. I knew this man came more than the average man, and he certainly unloaded a cuntful that time. His long flaccid cock stayed inside me as he remained lodged in the cradle of my thighs.

"You are one fantastic piece of ass, Kelly," he said, "for sure the best I've ever had. What do you say we finish the night up in your bed?"

"No," I said, "I told you I had a houseguest and you couldn't sleep over. Even this is risky." He quickly began getting another erection and soon was fucking me again. Twenty minutes later I sent him packing after receiving another creamy douche from his nozzle.

I had slipped my panties back on before getting up off the sofa, and they were totally awash with Nat's come when I climbed the stairs and fell into Jamie's arms. He helped me to the bedroom, where he removed my dress, bra, garter belt and hose before laying me on the bed. I thought of all the times Ray had loomed over me with a steel-hard cock just like Jamie's at the moment as he reached to remove my sodden panties.

Jamie stared at my ravaged fresh-fucked cunt for nearly two minutes before saying, "That is the prettiest sight I've ever seen. Would you think I was crazy if I told you I want to kiss it right now?"

I told him to do anything he felt like doing, and a moment later he was kissing my tender clit, then gently sucking on it, sending delicious tremors through my body. He soon mounted me and made tender love to me for over an hour. Afterwards he held me and told me how much he had enjoyed his first sloppy seconds.

"You got *thirds* tonight," I corrected him. "But they don't get much sloppier than a man with a huge cock and large loads leaves."

He was instantly erect and on me again. This was just a sample of the night of passion to come. The next morning he told me he would love to have a wife that would come home and serve him sloppy seconds without shame or guilt.

Three weeks later Jamie and I were married.—*K.S., Clarksville, Tennessee*

"He gave me an unbelievable fucking. It wasn't like the usual lust-driven first-time fuck, but more like the blending of our souls, the way I had felt with Jamie's Uncle Ray"

Letters

Now this barbershop is what we would call a full-service facility

I own a barbershop, and it never ceases to amaze me how pathetic and frustrating most of my customers' sex lives are. They complain forever about their lack of satisfaction. I have to tell them their attitudes are wrong.

It's my good fortune to have a wife with needs as great as mine and a sense of adventure to go with it. Sherry is 50 but has the body of a 30-year-old. One look at her face and you can tell she can be naughty in bed. What really draws guys to her is her big tits. With her narrow back, they look enormous, especially when she wears a sling top with a low neckline—her "night on the town" outfit, with black stockings and heels. Her long, silky hair makes quite a package.

There's nothing more exciting than watching her come on to some young guy who's turned on by her but nervous because of me. They can't believe their luck when I say that it's okay for them to fuck her. I remember one kid about 20 who was on the couch with her and I watched him try to hide a massive hard-on until she made her move and gave him his best blowjob ever. Then she rode him, and he fucked her doggie-style with me watching and waiting my turn at her cunt.

A few months ago Sherry, a licensed beautician, was working in my shop, like she normally does twice a week, and a guy in his 20s came in. I could tell right away she was turned on by him, and I let her do his hair. She had on a tight floral-print blouse and a short tight black skirt with tan pantyhose. Her perfume was enough to give a guy a hard-on. He quickly had an apparent problem, made worse when Sherry bent over to reveal her lace bra and ample cleavage while she cut his hair.

By then I had my next customer and Sherry had this guy at the far end, so I couldn't pay close attention. (I also had my own erection to deal with!) At one point I looked over and saw that she had her hand under the pullover and was giving him a handjob while she cut his hair. He was in heaven. She looked at me and smiled.

Knowing what was next, I turned my customer so he couldn't see. Sure enough, on my next glance I saw that Sherry had her head under the pullover, bobbing up and down. *She was sucking his cock right in the shop!* Luckily he came and she swallowed every drop only a minute before the next customer came in the door. I was so excited, I nearly came in my pants.

An hour later Sherry was at it again. I saw her give another guy a handjob under his pullover while she did his cut. By the end of the day, it was all I could do to contain myself. The second I locked the door to close, we fucked *right there on the floor.*

Sherry now works in the shop four days a week, and I've seen her give countless handjobs and blowjobs, and she even lets a special few get their cock in her pussy in the bathroom or on the floor at closing. Business is booming, as is our sex life. We have no plans to retire!—*F.H., Toronto, Ontario*

His wife found herself a dream job, and he got some of the benefits

Thanks to the recession my wife had to look for work for the first time in 15 years. The market wasn't promising for a 37-year-old former secretary whose skills were that far out of date. But after a month of fruitless interviews she landed a job as personal secretary for the owner of a sales company.

Ginny loved the job and found Fred, her boss, charming. She looked forward to working every day. After the first week, her business outfits went from very conservative to a much sexier style that showed off her long legs and big tits. When I asked her about it, she said that all the girls in the office dressed like that and she was just trying to fit in. She said her boss had even complimented her on the

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wardrobe change. I could imagine why.

Curiosity got the better of me, so one day I left work early and picked Ginny up at her office. She practically gushed as she introduced Fred to me. I definitely was not thrilled. While we're both 43, that's all we have in common. He's a tall, handsome blond hunk who played college football and has maintained the physique, not to mention his career success. He reeked of alpha male.

I didn't like Ginny being around the guy so much, and my feelings intensified when he gave her a pat on the bottom as we left. When I confronted her about it she blew it off, saying it was just a running joke they had and not to take it seriously.

A couple of months later we were invited to a company picnic that was held at Fred's home, or rather estate. There was a tennis court, an area for basketball, even a pool—plenty of room for all of the employees and "plus ones" to have a grand time.

When we arrived, Ginny went in the main house to change. She emerged in a skimpy bikini I'd never seen. It put all her attributes on display, and I can't say I cared for the instant attention she got from the guys. The only saving grace was that Fred was with his girlfriend, a 20-something blonde named Honey, so I needn't worry about him hitting on Ginny. Next to my wife, Honey was the hottest girl there. I found myself checking her out.

We hadn't been there for more than five minutes when Fred came up and started talking to Ginny. As it turned out, the bartender he'd hired hadn't shown up. When she heard that, she told him that I had tended bar in college and she happily volunteered my services! So much for my having a good time.

While I served drinks, lots of guys asked Ginny for a dance and she turned none down. I watched her pass from coworker to coworker, receiving a lot of surreptitious gropes. While she had plenty of admirers, the most persistent was David, Fred's son, home from college for the summer—a chip off the old block, with his father's blond good looks and evidently his charm. He soon had my wife giggling like a schoolgirl. He was less subtle than the others, grabbing her ass during the dances and resting his arm around her waist in between, without any protest from her!

At one point Ginny disappeared altogether. I figured she'd gone to use the rest room, but she stayed missing for nearly half an hour. I was about to go look for her when she reappeared from inside the house. Moments later David emerged too, and I realized I hadn't seen *him* in a while either. Since Ginny didn't come near me, I was unable to ask her about it.

The party finally wound down. I wanted to leave, but Ginny wouldn't hear of it and continued to circulate until it was down to a handful of people. Fred reappeared again and asked if I would mind driving one of the guests home who'd come

alone and had too much to drink to drive himself. He lived well over a half-hour away, in the opposite direction from our house, but Ginny said that wouldn't be a problem. Since disagreeing with her in front of her boss was sure to make her pissed at me for a lot longer than the hour the trip would take, I forced a smile and agreed. Then Ginny surprised me by saying she would stay behind and continue enjoying the party, and I could pick her up on the way back.

As I headed for the driveway to load the drunk in my car, a guest who lived near the guy volunteered to drive him back. Finally, something was going my way! I was about to go back and tell Ginny about it when an idea occurred to me. I had a suspicion she was trying to ditch me, and was curious to see what she would be up to. So I drove a quarter-mile up the road, parked my car and walked back. There were plenty of trees on the property, so I chose one with a clear view of the back of the house while affording me plenty of coverage.

At first no one was there, making me think the guests were all gone. I wondered if I should sneak closer to peek in a window when Ginny came rushing out laughing, with David hot on her heels. He grabbed her from behind and locked onto her tits, then gave her a deep kiss, which she obviously enjoyed.

Until that moment I would have described myself as the jealous type, but seeing my willing wife in that young stud's hands got me hard in an instant. I watched rapt as he all but mauled her breasts while continuing his lip-lock.

As they made out, Fred came outside with Honey on his arm, both of them watching his son in action. David said, "Damn, Dad, you weren't kidding about this fine piece of ass you hired. These are some top-notch tits." He squeezed them for emphasis, which made Ginny coo.

Fred said, "I knew she'd be a hot lay the moment I hired her. Luckily, it took only two weeks before I found out *how* hot. Now she spends almost as much time getting fucked on top of my desk as sitting at hers. She's so sweet, I figured it was time I shared her some."

David thanked his father, then sat down on a lounge chair and pointed at his crotch. Ginny took the hint and fell to her knees before him. He lifted his hips so she could pull his trunks down. My cock is a solid six inches, and David's wasn't that much longer, but it was thicker, and seemed tremendously powerful. Ginny was mesmerized by it.

"Until then I would have described myself as the jealous type, but seeing my wife in that young stud's hands got me hard in an instant"

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"She spread her legs to accept one, then a second digit up there. He wasn't gentle with her like I am, but she sure seemed to enjoy it"

She opened her mouth and took in well over half of it. Her head bobbed up and down on it for a couple of minutes before she finally let it pop out, not to rest but to run her tongue up and down it, then suck on his sac and then work the shaft again. She never lavished that much attention when she gave me a blowjob!

It appeared Honey didn't want to be outdone. She fell to her knees, pulled down Fred's pants, and went to town on his cock. It had that same thickness and feeling of power. Honey couldn't handle as much as my wife, but she got a good bit of pole down her gullet.

While this was going on, David shouted out that he was about to come. Ginny doesn't normally swallow my load, but she didn't hesitate to gulp *his* down. Her mouth remained firmly on his cock as he seemed to last forever. Once he was finally spent, she made a great show of licking her lips, getting a dollop or two of semen that had leaked out when he had popped.

David got to his feet and switched places with my wife, removing her bikini and getting her on her back on the lounge. He sucked away on those big breasts of hers while fingering her pussy. She spread her legs eagerly to accept one, then a second digit up there. He wasn't all that gentle with her, like I am, but she sure seemed to enjoy it.

While this was going on, Fred took hold of Honey's head to keep it in place while he face-fucked her. About half of his cock was in her mouth when he finally stopped using his hips and stayed there as she gulped down his payload. She had an easier time since he didn't last as long as his son, though she certainly had a mouthful.

By this time David was

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"He got her so wound up, she took to begging him to stick it in her. He insisted she tell him she wanted his powerful cock up her pussy"

hard again. He rose up and spread Ginny's legs and ran his cock slowly up and down her slit, getting her so wound up, she took to begging him to stick it in her, something she never did with me. He still held off, insisting she tell him she wanted his powerful cock up her pussy. She was only too happy to comply, and sounded as sincere as I'd ever heard her.

I watched David's hips lunge forward, going much deeper with his first thrust than I ever did and making my wife cry out in delight. He fed her more cock until eventually it was buried in Ginny, who was way more vocal than she ever was with me—and he hadn't even begun properly fucking her yet!

He did so a few moments later. I whipped out my dick and moved my hand up and down it in the same rhythm, gradual at first but picking up speed as Ginny loosened up. When she cried out at the top of her lungs, I thought something was wrong—until I realized she was having an orgasm more powerful than I'd ever given her in 15 years of marriage. I came at the same time, as big a load as I'd managed in a long while.

David paused, then resumed pumping his cock vigorously in and out of my wife before finally blowing his load. She locked her legs around him and gave him a deep kiss as he flooded her womb.

Fred had recovered and was ready for action. By now Honey was naked, and while her tits weren't as big as Ginny's, she was a stunner I'd have gladly fucked. Fred lifted her by the ass so she was straddling him in mid-air, then dropped her halfway down on his cock and began bouncing her up and down until the whole thing was inside her. It was nearly as hot as when Ginny was stuffed by David. Fred was even stronger than he looked and kept Honey in the air through climax, then lifted her up and put her back on the ground.

This hot action had revived both David's cock and mine. Fred said something to his son I couldn't make out, something that put a wide grin on his face. The men positioned the girls side by side on all fours, facing my way. I saw Honey bite her lip while my wife made a little "O" with her mouth as they were mounted from behind.

From the start the guys rode the girls hard, the sounds of flesh meeting flesh reaching my ears. The girls' tits bounced all over the place, which got me to jerking off again. As forcefully as the guys pounded the girls, I wondered if they were competing with one another. If so, Fred won by making Honey come first, though David made my wife come hard enough to beat her fist into the ground.

After they all came, Fred said it was time to wrap things up, since Ginny's husband should be returning soon. They all went inside, and I returned to my car and drove around long enough to give them time to

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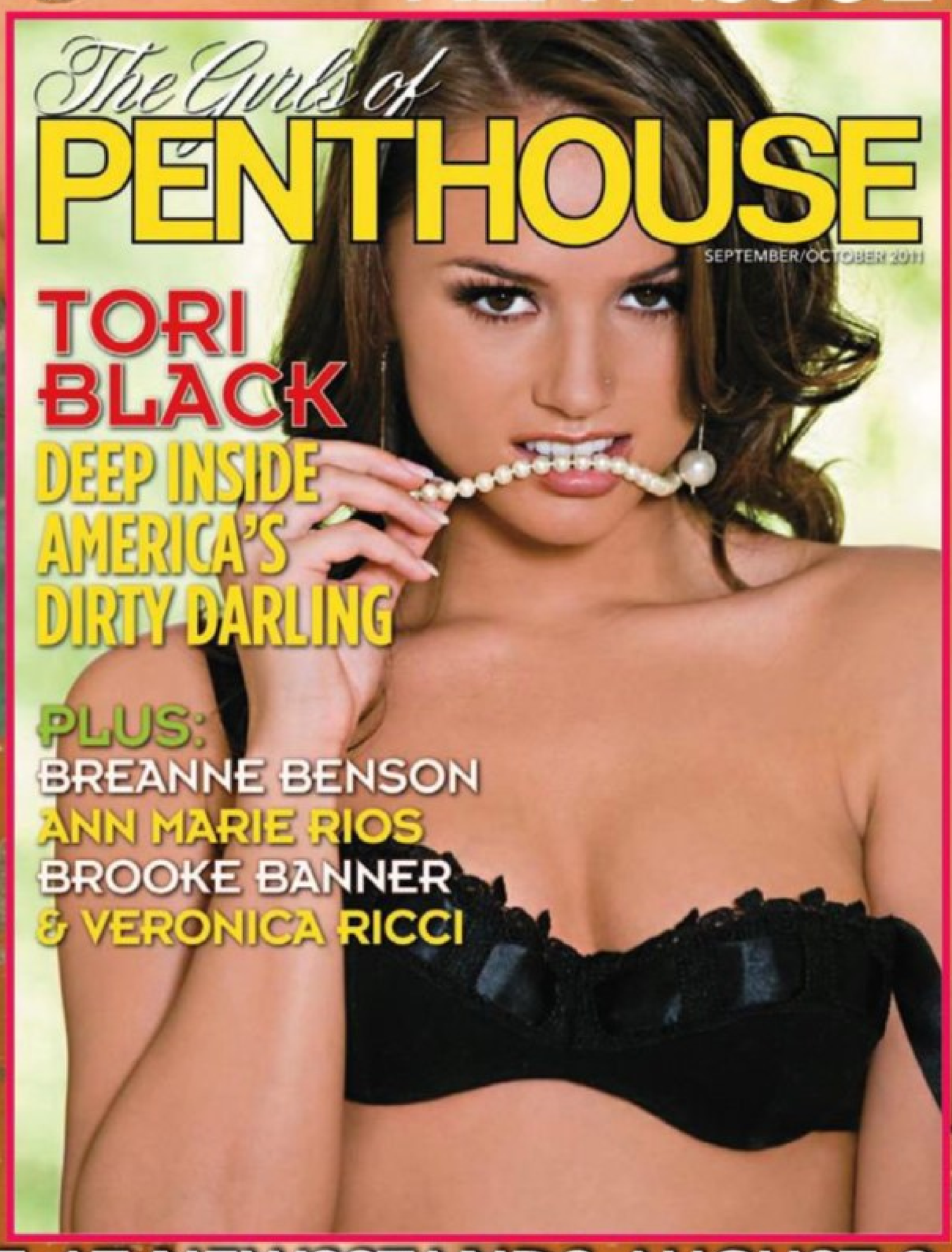

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finish up. When I returned, Ginny was sitting on the sofa like she'd been waiting there the entire time. I asked what I'd missed, and she said they had just sat around talking. I said it smelled like she just showered. She became nervous, then said she'd swum in the pool and wanted to remove the chlorine smell.

I could have played with her more, but I was eager to take her home and fuck her. My ardor surprised her, but it wasn't long before she was fucking me back with just as much passion.

Since then I doubt that Ginny's extracurricular activities have slowed, but I remind myself that they didn't bother me when I didn't know about them. Since our sex life is better than ever, I pretend not to notice the rest.—*D.B., Saint Louis, Missouri*

Her "fun" idea lands the police on them, which leads to a *new* idea

My wife wanted to try something "exhilarating and new and fun and sexy." She's always game for having fun, doing things we've never done before—outrageous, maybe dangerous things. Lucy likes rattling people, combining her love for fucking with people's inability to resist her charms—usually men, but not exclusively.

We drove into the city, and on the freeway she slipped her panties off and put them in her purse, then grinned at me and said, "Let's go to the pier. I have an idea that should put some fire in this foggy night." I looked at her and smiled. Her imagination can generate more excitement than a busload of strippers. "You know that air-blast entrance in the Good Times Gallery," she said, "where the guy tries to blow ladies' dresses over their heads with jets of air coming from under the floor? I'll give him a blast when he shoots the air up my dress."

It went as planned. When we walked in, the air shot up through the holes in the floor and blew Lucy's short dress up nearly to her armpits. Her pantiless ass and bush were fully exposed to the 50 or so people around there, though some missed it and wouldn't believe the others when they said a woman was "stark naked" with her dress up over her head.

Everyone seemed to enjoy the show except this bible-thumper who accused Lucy of "doing the devil's work," exposing her "privates" to innocent people. We found out later he runs his own church, which complains about nearly everything within a ten-mile radius. Almost before Lucy's dress fell back into place he was on his cell phone calling the police to report the "indecent exposure." According to him, even those who looked and clapped and delighted in the sight were culpable. After all, they encouraged that "sinful and depraved" behavior.

Within minutes two cops showed up. Pastor Pious explained his complaint against Lucy, the establishment and everyone else he could point a finger at.

"This woman exposed herself?" one cop said, dubiously. Maybe it didn't seem entirely probable,

considering that she was completely (albeit provocatively) dressed. He looked at her, seemingly wondering what she could have done to piss off Pastor Pious so.

"It's like this, officer," Lucy said. "As you enter the Good Times Gallery they blast air up from the floor. Seems everybody knew about it but us. I'm not wearing panties, so all these people got a nice look at my naked bush and rear end. Which, by the way, I think they probably got their money's worth, don't you? You should have been here."

She smiled at the other cop, the better-looking of the two. She walked to the doorway and looked back at him. "You want to have the guy give it a blast of air so you can see for yourself what happened?"

The good-looking cop shook his head but smiled. I don't think he saw her wink at me.

Lucy took the two cops to the side and said, "Look, officers, I didn't streak the place, pull my panties down in front of a class of kindergartners or flash the good reverend. I simply went without underwear, which I do all the time. Is there a law against that?" To the good-looking cop, she said, "*You* wearing undies?" Blushing, he closed his notebook.

"When you arrest us," Lucy said to the cops, "could you give us a ride to the parking lot where we left our car?" They agreed. As we approached the car, she asked in her sultriest voice if her husband could ride up front. "He's always wanted to ride in a cop car. And it could give us a chance to get to know each other better," she said, giving the good-looking cop a kiss on the cheek.

When I was in the front seat, I looked back through the wire divider and saw Lucy and the good-looking cop sitting together. Her dress was so high on her thighs that if he leaned forward a bit he could see her naked coonie peeking out at him. Since he didn't take the bait, Lucy opened her legs a little more, and it was clear he finally noticed.

"I really wish you'd been there," she purred. "I think you'd have enjoyed it. You like girls, don't you, officer?"

"Oh yeah, Barry likes girls," his partner said from behind the wheel. "And they certainly like him."

Lucy opened her legs even wider, and as I thought he would, Barry noticed. He looked down, then leaned forward for a long look.

"See, I *told* you I don't wear panties," Lucy said. "You aren't going to arrest me for indecent exposure, are you, officer?" When Barry shook his head, she reached for his hand, lifted it across her leg and placed it palm-down on her inner thigh. He moved his hand down the curve of her bare leg, looking at her all the time, watching her reaction.

Barry moved the hand slowly up to her pussy. She opened her legs even more, closed her eyes and sighed, "I hope you know what to do with that finger." Almost

"'See, I *told* you I don't wear panties,' Lucy said. 'Are you going to arrest me for indecent exposure, officer?' Barry shook his head"

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LETTERS

before she finished, Barry must have moved his finger inside her. As she took a quick breath, she said, "Oh yes, he knows."

Lucy opened her eyes and looked at me as Barry finger-fucked her. She turned her face down and pushed her chin into her chest. I'd seen my wife with other men before, many times, but I'd never seen her seduce an on-duty policeman in the back seat of a patrol car! By the look on the other cop's face, he hadn't either. "You don't mind other guys fucking your wife?" he asked.

I said it was *her* pussy, she had a mind of her own, and I didn't own her. He said if it was his wife, he'd never let her fuck other guys.

"That's why I'm not your wife," she said while she enjoyed Barry's finger. As he fingered her, she opened his fly and pulled out a hard cock, massaged it a few times with an up-and-down motion, then kissed the tip. He didn't resist when she worked his pants down his legs, saying she didn't want to get a telltale come stain on his pants.

Then she straddled him and eased herself down on his ample manhood. She sighed when it hit bottom, then began to bounce in pace with his rhythmic grunts. He was under her spell, and there was nothing he could do except fuck her while she bounced on his lap, forcing his cock as far in her as it would go.

"Are you married, officer?" she asked, slowing her pace. Unable to speak, he nodded. "Well, does your wife fuck you this good?" I knew she was squeezing his cock with her cunt muscles, one of her many skills.

For the first time since Lucy mounted him, Officer Barry looked at me. "*No one* fucks me this good," he replied feebly.

"You can come in me, officer," she said, resuming her rapid bouncing.

"I'm not wearing a condom," he said.

"Don't need one, sweetie," she said. "My tubes are long since tied. You tell me when you're ready to come. My pussy will squeeze the jism right out of you."

Officer Barry made odd sounds as he spurted in my wife. "You just fill Lucy with that hot come," she said, bouncing so rapidly that he stopped her, apparently unable to take that much friction. "Will you remember this night, officer?"

I looked back at Lucy kissing Barry good-bye. The kiss lasted nearly a minute. Finally he had to break the kiss to catch his breath. She rose up, and his limp cock plopped out of her with a sucking sound.

"Well, this was certainly a nice ride," she said. "You boys can let us off right here on this corner." When she got out of the car, Lucy went around to the driver, leaned in the window and kissed him. "Sorry, next time it'll be *your* turn," she said with a giggle.

As we got in our car, which was all the way back by the wharf, Lucy looked over at me and smiled. "I never thought I'd like getting picked up by the police," she said, "but they're pretty nice here, don't you think?" We shared a laugh and agreed that coming to the beach may be just the antidote to a boring night at home needed.

"What do you want to do next?" she said.

"Ever fucked a lifeguard while he's on duty in his tower?" I asked.

"We'll have to get a hotel room," Lucy said.

"Maybe we can get it for free," I said, and I saw the gears moving in her head. "A policeman, a lifeguard and a desk clerk—now that wouldn't be a bad weekend, would it?"

Her smile broadened and she said, "I love you! What more could a wife ask for?"

I thought for a moment and casually said, "*Two* policemen?" —*Name and address withheld*

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You can't stop a lady who's "doing a job with no panties on"

Last year my beautiful wife, who's 32, and several of her coworkers were offered an incentive program in their division of the company where they worked. It was a way to get them motivated and be more inclined to go that extra mile for clients.

The leader of the group, a woman named Alex, came up with an idea to improve things for the fledgling company. The others were startled when she said that everyone would have to bid for projects—by arguing their qualifications and their enthusiasm for each.

This produced lots of cheerful rivalry. A girl named Marcy went first, saying she was more qualified for certain projects because she'd spoken to clients before, but a woman named Pamela said she should be given the task because she had already worked out the cost figures. The girls got louder and louder as they made their pitches, until Marcy blurted out that *she'd do it with no panties on!* Everyone nearly died in raucous laughter, and from that day, doing a job "with no panties on" became their phrase for approaching a client with single-minded determination.

Alex had the final say, and when she put Fran, my wife, in charge of one account, Pamela wasn't happy at all. Alex pointed out that Pamela had never come away with a signed order, and Fran was to do the job "with no panties on." Pamela, still pissed, said that was the *only* way Fran would get an order from "those two old pervs."

When I heard all about this, I gallantly offered to come along for support. By then I was excited by the thought of my petite, normally shy wife trying to cope with the two "old pervs."

We met the "old pervs," Stefan and Daniel, in the restaurant of their hotel. They were surprised by my presence, but they were very

"From that day, doing a job 'with no panties on' became their phrase for approaching a client with single-minded determination"

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impressed with Fran, and I was soon ignored. For men in their late 50s, they weren't subtle. I tried hard to pretend I couldn't hear what they were whispering hoarsely.

"We understand this order is very important to you," Daniel said. Fran smiled nervously and nodded.

Stefan leaned closer to her and said, "We also understand you're very dedicated. We know about the phrase your company uses to describe such dedication. Have you lived up to it tonight?" I noted the look on Fran's face as she realized that Pamela must have told them.

Fran was very quiet when Stefan and Daniel invited us back to their room. I took her aside and assured her there was no need for her to do anything. She said she didn't want to but was determined to get a signed deal. She said she knew what they wanted, and if I didn't like it I may as well go home.

As we headed to their room, I saw these old perverts openly fondle my wife's ass through her skirt, not caring if I was there. Once in the room, I nearly died when Stefan asked Fran to show them how much she wanted their business, and she demurely lifted up her skirt and let them feast their eyes on her naked pussy.

I couldn't believe she was letting them treat her this way! I think she wished now I *had* gone home and left her to it. She clearly felt awkward with me there watching, and I think the pervs knew this and were enjoying her discomfort. When they pulled out their cocks and just started stroking them, she averted her eyes, but they asked, didn't she want to look? So she did.

Then they asked if she wouldn't like to get on her knees, and she turned a deep shade of red but did that too. She knelt in front of them and nervously reached for their cocks, letting me see her pretty mouth pleasure the two pervs at once.

Daniel had Fran sit on his lap with her skirt hiked up to her waist and eased his fat cock in her. Her mouth hung open, and her moans and gasps filled the room. I saw his big cock split her lips wide while he pulled her ass cheeks apart, and realized his cock was bare. When I asked him to please stop and put on a condom, he ignored me.

Now Stefan came around in front of Fran and gave her his cock to suck. She seemed happy coping with two cocks at once and let them maneuver her into any position they wanted. My head spun with the vision of my wife kneeling in front of Daniel sucking his cock while Stefan fucked her pussy from behind, then shot his come in her.

Before we left, the pervs handed Fran a signed contract, and she squealed with delight, her pussy no doubt still leaking Stefan's come. To show her appreciation, she let them both have one last feel of her sexy body.

Fran is far more sexy these days, and never fails to get an order when she puts her mind to it. Several of my friends have even benefited from her newfound promiscuousness.—*F.S., Phoenix, Arizona*

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"Daniel eased his fat cock in Fran. Her mouth hung open, and her moans and gasps filled the room. I saw his big cock split her lips wide"

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Letters

Who better to pluck a lad's cherry than the hot broad next door?

I was a virgin at 18, though I'd jerked off over a thousand times. I had never even seen a girl naked in person.

My aunt used to let me come over whenever I liked to use their swimming pool. One day when my aunt and cousins weren't home I was over there lying by the pool when I heard heels clip-clopping down the next-door neighbor's path, then the opening of the gate and the heels clopping into the back yard. I rose up on one elbow and saw Bonnie, my aunt's 35-year-old neighbor, a woman I often jerked off over in my fantasies.

She's married to a fat guy named Hal, a real waste of space who doesn't know how to handle a woman like her. She has brown hair and a gorgeous figure. That day her voluptuous body was displayed in a tiny pink bikini that barely covered her shapely ass. I nearly came in my trunks when I saw her.

"Hi, Quentin," she said. "Where's your aunt?"

"Gone for the day," I said, raising a knee to try to hide my hard-on. She noticed.

"Did I cause that?" Bonnie teased. "Maybe I should put something else on."

"No, no," I said quickly, "you look great like that. Where's your husband?"

"Working," she said. She wiggled herself onto the lounge, her gorgeous ass wobbling slightly under the tight nylon fabric of her bikini bottom. My prick throbbed so much that it hurt.

"You look uncomfortable," she said. "Are you in pain?"

"Well, I, uh—" I croaked.

She smiled and thanked me for finding her attractive. She reached out and rested her hand on my prick. She smiled when she felt me throbbing. "We have to be quick," she said. "My kids are home. Why don't we go in your aunt's towel house?"

I leapt up and followed Bonnie, my eyes glued to her bouncing ass. Inside, she took my hand and led me to the towel rack. We spread several towels and a blanket on the floor. Then she dropped my trunks to the floor, so my cock sprang free. She pulled off her bikini top and those luscious tits flopped out. I lost control and dropped to my knees, then tugged her bikini bottom down to her ankles and pulled her down to me. My prick brushed against her belly and my hands clasped her round ass cheeks.

Bonnie gasped and shivered, then said, "My, you're very anxious, aren't you?"

"Yes," I squeaked out before pushing her back on her back. She spread her legs. My prick touched her lips, and she moaned as I quickly got in position. She wrapped her legs around me and pulled me onto her, and for the first time I was entering a warm, wet pussy. My dream came true.

Sadly, I was so excited that I shot my come before I was completely in her. It didn't matter because I was so excited that I stayed hard and kept fucking her till we were on the verge again. I couldn't get enough.

As I pummeled her, Bonnie gasped, "Please don't make me pregnant." She must not have felt me come in her the *first* time! "Too late," I said, "can't stop now," and my cream spurted into her a second time.

She definitely felt that one. She gasped, "Oh God," and she came, then pushed me off her and scolded me for coming in her. She used a towel to clean up, then left.

I didn't see Bonnie for a while. The next time I saw her I tried to start up a conversation, but she hissed, "You don't think I remember what you did? It was just luck that nothing came of it." I knew she was right, but we had one hell of a time.—*Q.D., Port St. Lucie, Florida*

Say, what *would* horny 18-year-olds do without sexy neighbor ladies?

Everybody remembers their first fuck. I know I sure do. It was just two weeks past my 18th birthday, and I was helping my grandparents doing odd jobs like mowing the yard and garden work. I got to chatting with Maureen, the next-door neighbor, a woman in her early 50s, and being a horny teen I could not help but stare at her sizable tits. I told her if she needed any jobs to be done I'd be willing to put my tools to good use.

The next day Maureen told me her stereo system needed reprogramming and asked if I could come over. Again my attention was regularly diverted to her tits. She ushered me to her living room and bent over, and I got a flash of the curve of her lower butt. I told her that before programming I wanted to check all the wiring,

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thinking that this would give me a chance to look up her dress. She went to the kitchen to get me a drink, then returned and stood over me, and I was right, I *could* see up her dress—way up her thigh to near her crotch.

She caught me, and after noticing my bulge said, "I see I'm going to have to keep an eye on you. You're trying to look up my skirt."

I didn't know what to say. Fortunately she knew what to do. She lifted her skirt to reveal her dark pantyhose with white panties beneath. "Is this what you want to see, you pervert?" she said. My cock was hard, but I was still very nervous. Was she going to tell on me? Was she going to kick me?

As I debated possibilities in my head, Maureen said, "Come on then, we're going upstairs," and reached her hand down to pull me up.

What the hell, I thought. She might be old enough to be my grandmother, but she was hot, and a fuck's a fuck, especially for my first. So she led me upstairs, then undressed me, and I watched with a throbbing hard-on as she took off her skirt and pantyhose. She told me not to touch my cock so that I wouldn't come too soon. She came to me and unclipped her bra, inches from my face, and her big tits burst free and hit me.

"Suck them now," she said, and I did, eagerly. I sucked her extremely hard nipples, and judging from her moans and groans, I was doing an okay job.

Finally, I slid a hand up her inner thigh to her panty crotch. I rubbed her through the fabric, then tugged at her panties until I got a look at my first cunt, hairy and wet. I slipped two fingers in, and she gasped and whimpered while I fingered her. She

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shivered and said to fuck her.

Maureen knelt on the edge of the bed and put her hand between her legs to show me where to put my cock. "Here," she said, and I got behind her and pushed my cock in. She was hot and wet, maybe a little loose, but I had nothing to compare it with, so it felt sensational.

I knew I wasn't going to last long before I came, and Maureen sensed it and said, "Don't you dare come in me yet. Pull out and use your tongue." Obviously that was a first for me too, and I did my best to please her. She tasted musky, but good enough to continue. I gave her a climax, and then wanted more of my cock in her pussy. When I said I wanted to fuck her more, she laid on her back and spread her thighs, and I climbed on.

As I pushed my cock back in her, I said, "Now I'm going to fuck you hard," and I did. The bed kept hitting the wall, and her moans and groans filled the room until she cried that she was coming, a second before I shot my load in her.

When I pulled out, I marveled at my come leaking out of Maureen's hole. She lay panting, then pulled me to her and licked my cock clean of both our juices. She licked and sucked till I was ready to mount her again. I lasted much longer this time than the first. I wore her out that day and a number of other days that summer.

I'm still turned on thinking of her, and still frequently jerk off to the memory of her.
—*N.A., Kitchener, Ontario*

Getting away from it all in the end enabled her to get on with it all

After losing my husband in a horrible accident, I found no lack of friends wanting to console me, especially the men. I was never so down in my life, and was drinking way too much, which made me an easy conquest. For the first few months it wasn't unusual for me to have three or four men in my bed in a 24-hour period.

One morning I woke up *with a man I didn't recognize!* I remembered my friend Lonny stopping over the night before but couldn't remember going to bed with him or the man who now lay beside me. I slipped out of bed without disturbing him and locked myself in the bathroom, where I discovered that I'd undoubtedly had sex that night.

I showered and dressed, thankful that my dressing room adjoined the bathroom. Dressed in jeans and a sweatshirt that covered me well, I went back in the bedroom and woke the guy and asked him to leave. While he dressed, I leaned against the dresser watching, and noted that he had a really good-size cock. Had I really become such a zombie that I couldn't remember being screwed by *that*? This had to change, and now.

I decided I had to get away, make a fresh start where people didn't know me. I had money in the bank and nothing holding me there. I thought of San Diego, where my old friend Connie works in real estate, and booked the next available flight, the following morning. Then I made lists of things to pack and things to do before leaving.

I called Connie and told her I wanted to lease a furnished condo for several months. She said she had just what I needed, available immediately. I arranged to have most of my things shipped when I had an address, and arranged with my friend Grace to care for my house. And the next evening I was 1500 miles from the place where I'd let my life go so wrong.

Connie had arranged it so all I had to do was sign the papers and move into a

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comfortable one-bedroom unit on the second floor overlooking a nice pool. With the manager's help, Connie had gone the extra mile—putting linens on the bed and towels in the bathroom and having the utilities turned on. So I ordered a pizza and while I waited unpacked my bags. After eating, I fell in bed and slept for 13 hours.

After showering, I went out and bought a car, then went grocery shopping and back to my new home. In my new routine, I kept to myself, often taking day-long drives into the countryside to sightsee and eat in out-of-the-way places, where I met the nicest people.

I'd been there nine weeks when I awoke in the middle of the night from an erotic dream and had an intense desire to masturbate, for the first time since I arrived. I've always been an avid masturbator, having been taught that it's natural to desire to pleasure oneself. I sleep in the nude, so it was easy to begin caressing my large breasts and tweaking my sensitive nipples. Wanting to prolong the sweet agony of my desire, I traced my fingertips slowly down over my tummy, then bypassed my curly bush and teased the tender flesh of my inner thighs within an inch of my pussy, which by then was emitting the musky aroma of a woman in heat.

Unable to keep my fingers away any longer, I traced the length of my buttered pussy lips, stopping short of touching my swollen clit. I cupped my vulva, applying just enough pressure to my throbbing clit to send the first tremors of release through my body. I rubbed my cunt gently but steadily. White-hot flashes of orgasmic pleasure shot through me.

When the room stopped spinning, I had a burning desire to have my pussy stuffed with cock. I reached in the nightstand for a large pink dildo I'd brought along, which I hadn't used in years, then raised and spread my legs and slid eight inches of cold rubber cock in my cunt. I fucked myself for nearly an hour, until I was too weak to continue, then placed a pillow between my thighs and fell asleep with my rubber lover embedded in my soupy snatch. When I awoke in the morning it was lying beside me like any other lover.

A few days later I ran into Marty, a polite young man who lived in the complex and always greeted me with a smile. I had just set down a large box I was trying to get upstairs containing things Grace had shipped me from home. Marty lifted the box and carried it to my door. I thanked him and said I could handle it from there, and he said I could thank him by going to dinner with him Friday night. I surprised myself by accepting the invitation.

I had a lovely time. Afterward he saw me safely inside my door, then thanked me for going out with him, bid me good night and, after I thanked him, left.

Marty and I became an unofficial couple, doing

"I awoke from an erotic dream with an intense desire to masturbate, for the first time since I arrived. A few days later I ran into Marty"

many things together in the next six weeks, but never going beyond a kiss on the cheek. Then we progressed to lip-to-lip kisses.

He persuaded me to go to a party a friend of his was having one Saturday night, and we had a great time. But since I hadn't been drinking more than the occasional glass of wine with dinner, the drinks I'd had kicked my ass. In the cab home I was giggling and acting like a schoolgirl. And then we were locked in a heated embrace, kissing passionately.

Even while we continued kissing, swapping tongues like lovers, Marty's hands never left my shoulders. I didn't want it to end! I only worried that he was too shy to make further advances. I dropped my hand to his leg and slid it up to his crotch, where I discovered a nice hard cock that reached to his belt and felt very thick. I traced its outline several times, until he groaned and came in his pants, soaking a six-inch area.

He was terribly embarrassed, but I told him I took it as the greatest compliment I'd ever received that a man so much younger than me was that aroused by my touch. I unzipped him and while kissing him fished out his semen-covered half-hard cock. When our lips parted, I lowered my head to his lap and took his entire cockhead in my mouth.

He had an odd-shaped glans, but it was too dark to see, so I just licked his salty come off it. Instantly he became fully erect. I sucked as much of his erection as I could, but it was so thick that I couldn't take in more than the head and an inch or so of shaft. It throbbed, and soon a dozen large spurts of come shot down my throat.

I tucked his cock back in his pants and zipped him up just moments before the cab pulled in front of my condo. I didn't even try to keep my dress down as I got out, giving my young friend a good look at my lacy black garters and panties.

I was taken by surprise when I opened my door and Marty merely gave me a quick kiss and said, "Thank you for going out with me. I really enjoyed it."

I recovered quick enough to wrap my arms around him and lay a sizzling kiss on him. I pressed my body to him, creating a column of hard cock in his pants. He said nothing as I led him in and closed the door.

We stood inside the door locked in a heated embrace for several minutes. Marty slid his hands down and cupped my ass cheeks and squeezed them gently. I felt the hot wetness of desire between my legs and for the first time since the accident really wanted a man to make love to me, not just use me for a hot fuck.

> "I worried that Marty was too shy to make further advances. I slid my hand to his crotch, where I discovered a nice hard cock"

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I whispered, "Come in my bedroom, Marty. I want you to make love to me."

Again I took his hand, and led him to the bedroom. I unbuttoned his shirt and undid his pants and helped him out of his shoes and pants, then asked him to unzip my dress. I stepped out of it and turned to face him in my lacy black lingerie. His eyes were bugging out of his head! I gave him a reassuring kiss, this time pressing my soft lace-covered breasts against his bare chest while I stroked his erection, inspiring him to unhook my bra clasp.

I stepped back enough to let the bra drop between us and give Marty a view of my tits with the large pink nipples standing as erect as his rampant penis. I hugged him, with only his still-damp shorts and my brief panties separating our bodies.

I turned the bed covers down and pulled him down on the bed with me. After we shared several fevered kisses, I sat up and tugged his shorts off and got my first look at his cock. It was about average in length, but the glans was unusually shaped, as I'd gathered—enough wider than the shaft to explain why I couldn't throat him. His pubic hair was matted with semen, which only made me want his cock worse.

I licked his balls and started up the shaft, but he pulled me up, saying, "Don't do that. It'll go off again."

I lay back on the bed and asked him to take my panties off, which he did, then stared for nearly a minute.

I said, "Take me, Marty."

He said, "Oh damn, Kim, you're going to find out anyway. I'm a dumb virgin."

I pulled him into my arms and said, "Honey, you're not dumb, just inexperienced. I promise you'll never forget tonight. Just get on top of me between my legs. Oh yes! Doesn't that make you feel close to me?"

I heard a whispered yes, then guided his erection to my wet snatch and pulled his hips down. His odd-shaped cockhead entered me, and then gradually his whole cock. I wasn't surprised to feel it throb and after only three awkward thrusts release a deluge. He collapsed on top of me, and I held him until he recovered enough to give me a tender kiss and a whispered "thank you" as he began to pull out.

I wrapped my legs around him and said, "I'm not letting you get away so fast. Fuck me all night, Marty."

He fucked me in the good old missionary position again, where he found a rhythm and learned not to withdraw too far on the outstroke. This time he brought me to climax after about three minutes. After he shot his load, his erection faded and slipped out. We lay holding one another. He seemed to be in deep thought. I took his spent cock in my hand and stroked it lovingly. Slowly he became erect again.

I straddled him and slid his erection in me, then rode him slowly. A look of amazement came over his face. He moved his hands slowly up my torso and cupped my soft mounds. I rode him for about 20 minutes, pausing every time I felt he was nearing orgasm to let his passion subside.

When I began rubbing my aching clit, his eyes dropped to my groin. I took him to the promised land, milking his cock with my clenching cunt, then rolled off and laid with my ass snuggled up against his soft cock and his hand

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clutching my breast. I was content to fall asleep, but soon felt his cock getting hard again. I raised my leg and reached between my legs to guide him in from the rear, then gave him one more long slow piece of ass before we fell asleep.

When I awoke, I found Marty already awake, watching me with a big smile. My hand was wrapped around his morning wood! I kissed him and said, "Give me a minute to go the bathroom and we'll put this beauty where it belongs." When I came back, we had a long, beautiful fuck, and then in the shower he fucked me again, pressed up against the cool tile.

I went to fix breakfast, and after eating we sat at the table drinking coffee and talking about our lives. I took his hand in mine before I asked why he had remained a virgin. He said he never knew his father, who left town after getting his mother pregnant, and she always preached the evils of sex, using herself as an example of how God punished those who have sex without marriage.

I told him I didn't know how long I was going to be in San Diego, but I would be happy to be his woman as long as I was, and give him lessons in love and in self-confidence. We walked hand in hand back to the bedroom, where we spent the rest of the day.

I stayed in San Diego another seven months and had an incredible sexual relationship with Marty,

teaching him everything I know about the physical pleasures that a man and woman can share. While he was finding the self-confidence he needed, I found my peace. Although many years have passed, I have never forgotten Marty.—*K.B., Tacoma, Washington*

"I was lying on my back, naked save for my engagement ring and earrings, with Al's hard bareback cock thrusting in and out of me"

"Baby roulette" was a game unmarrieds had to play back then

My husband popped my cherry. This doesn't sound very risky or adventurous, but it was both. It happened Saturday night, January 18, 1969. Back then "nice" girls were supposed to be virgins till they were married, and unmarried girls (including me) weren't given the Pill.

The risk and adventure came because Al wasn't yet my husband. He'd just officially become my fiancé. And there I was, lying on my back in his bed, naked save for my engagement ring and diamond-studded earrings, with his hard, dangerously bareback cock thrusting in and out of my till-two-minutes-ago-virgin pussy.

I'd met Al a year and a half before, when I was 19 and a bridesmaid in a wedding he also attended. He was 28. The first date was pretty innocent, but we moved on to parking and making out. Soon we were going to his apartment. The first time, when we were rolling around, my dress got pretty wrinkled. We decided if I took it off but left my slip and lingerie on, that would be okay. Of course, as time went on, more clothes came off. Soon I was in his bed naked from the waist up with only my panties on, but I told him they were to stay

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on and he was to keep out of them.

It was just after my sophomore year in college. Freshman year one of my sorority sisters and her boyfriend had made a baby in the back seat of his car. We sisters didn't know whether it was a pure accident (condom mishap) or baby roulette (the guy trying to pull out just before he shot, or, more dangerously, shooting his seed in her pussy and just hoping for good luck). Whichever it was, they had a pregnancy on their hands they didn't want. We sisters concluded that the only sure way to prevent that back then was to stay a virgin. We weren't opposed to above-the-waist fondling and sucking, but below-the-waist was off limits.

Al took off his clothes to avoid wrinkling them and put on tennis shorts. He was careful not to let me see his penis, but while we rolled around, I felt it nice and hard through the tennis shorts. It felt good, but each time he would stop after a while and kind of sigh. I soon learned that we were dry-humping till he shot his load in the shorts. He said later that he had left enough come in them to populate a good-size nursery school.

Anyway, after the formal engagement dinner, we had all gone back to Al's apartment. Finally everyone else left. My parents drove to their home in a smaller town about 50 miles away, but I was staying with the couple at whose wedding I'd been a bridesmaid. As soon as we were alone, we shed our clothes in record time. In my haste I took off not only my pantyhose but also my panties, but Al had his tennis shorts on. Soon his hands and mouth were all over my bare tits, and we started to do a little humping.

It was dark, but he soon realized that I was naked and he began to feel around the tops of my legs and brush his hands through my pubic hair. Soon he was rubbing my pussy lips, then my clit, and then he was tentatively putting a finger in me. He moved slowly at first, but when I responded by moving my hips, he went faster. I was getting wet. He pulled his finger out, and I felt something bigger at the opening of my pussy. It was slowly pushing its way in. I moved against it the way I had pushed against his finger. He pushed some more. I pushed some more.

Now I wasn't a virgin, but I still had my cherry. A couple of more pushes took out my cherry. Soon we were fornicating vigorously. Losing my cherry hadn't hurt—it just felt a little weird. But getting laid for the first time with what felt like a really large cock, after so much foreplay and being so wet, felt absolutely great. I wasn't thinking at all about birth control or getting pregnant, just enjoying my first fuck.

Al wasn't inexperienced, and suddenly he pulled out. I felt some warm sticky goo on my tummy just above my pussy hair. He got up and told me to lie really still. He went in the bathroom and came back with a damp washcloth, and carefully cleaned off my tummy so his semen wouldn't crawl its way down to my pussy.

When I got up to go to the bathroom, I discovered that I had blood coming out of my pussy and running down my legs. Al helped me clean that up. Luckily, it was about time for my period, so I had the necessary feminine items with me to take care of the bleeding. We discovered that blood had run down my legs and perfectly outlined where I had been lying when I lost my cherry. Al threw away the sheets, but the outline had gone through to the mattress. So for the first few years of our married life we had a vivid reminder of our first time.

The next day Al took his deflowered fiancée back to my unsuspecting parents' house. I went back to college, but was able to return home—and to Al's bed—the next weekend. Since there was no question that we both were eager to fuck again, he got a rubber out of his bedside table and put it on. But for our nerves' sake it would have been better if

"I soon learned that we were dry-humping till he shot in his shorts. He said he'd left enough come in them to populate a nursery school"

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he'd fucked me bareback and pulled out. I'll explain.

After Al came, we lay there hugging for a long enough time that when he pulled his penis out, the rubber stayed in me. While he was frantically searching all over the bed for it, I went in the bathroom, and when I came out told him where it had been. I pulled it out and threw it in the toilet. But we were both horrified.

I went back to college. Naturally, my period was late—so late that I had to confide in my roommates. One of them asked her older sister-in-law to help get an appointment with a doctor so I could find out. Luckily, before the appointment my period came.

I wasn't able to leave college or have Al visit till spring vacation because of a very difficult course that required a lengthy paper. Even though we'd had quite a scare, we were eager to keep fornicating. And having my roommates know that I was sleeping with Al had its uses. I was able to leave for vacation Thursday evening instead of Friday as I'd told my parents. To keep them from finding out, my roommates agreed that if the parents phoned, they would say that I was out and that they would tell me to call home when I got back, and then the roommates would call Al's apartment and I could call my parents from there. (As it turned out, my parents didn't call.)

I flew to the airport in Al's town. Luckily, no one who knew me saw us. We went directly to Al's apartment. I had bought a short nightgown that barely covered my bush, but that didn't matter because it was so sheer that Al could see not only my bush but my nipples as well. Anyhow, it didn't stay on very long.

When we got ready to fuck, Al reached for the drawer where he kept his rubbers, but I told him no, I didn't want a repeat of what happened our second time. He said later he could have explained that he realized what he had done wrong but he was so eager to fuck me that he went ahead bareback. That night we did it at least three times. He told me later that between times he was careful to pee and wash off his cock with soap and water.

The next day Al took a well-fucked daughter to my parents' house as if I had arrived on a Friday plane.

Al's town's public library was a lot bigger than the one in my hometown, so I used the excuse of studying in that library (which I actually did) to spend time there. I spent several nights with the recently married couple. Of course, I would spend a few hours in Al's bed before he took me to their house. We got accustomed to making love on a regular basis.

One morning during spring break I was having my bridal picture taken at a photographer's in Al's town, so I stayed with the married couple the night before. When we got to Al's apartment, I had to tell him that I was both glad and sorry to tell him that my period had started. He said that if I didn't mind, he didn't mind, since I had bled all over his

penis the night he relieved me of my virginity.

This time Al got out a towel to protect the sheets. We really went at it, and he came inside my pussy for the first time bareback. We figured that was a pretty low-risk form of baby roulette. The next day, the virginal-looking bride-to-be had her picture taken in a lovely white wedding dress with probably a good part of her fiancé-lover's load in her pussy.

I was to return to college on a Saturday morning plane from the small airport in my hometown, so my parents invited Al to spend the night—in their guest room, of course! We didn't have much chance for anything but a few kisses before we went to bed. In the morning, my father, having his own business and being an early riser, was out of the house by eight, and since my mother and teenage brother were late sleepers, and the house was pretty large . . . eager for one last fuck before I left for college, I sneaked in the guest room.

When Al saw me, he got a big lustful grin. I pulled off my pajama bottom, he shed his boxers, and in no time his cock was thrusting in and out of me. We had to hurry and have him get his rocks off so we wouldn't get caught. The danger of being caught and the back-of-the-mind knowledge that we were playing baby roulette for real added to the thrill.

Al cleaned his come off my tummy with his handkerchief. As far as I knew we weren't found out, but when my mother asked Al if he'd had a good night, he turned a bit red and almost choked on his breakfast.

On the way to the airport, I suggested to Al that we should elope to a nearby state that specialized in quickie marriages. I said my mother was complaining so much about all the details of the wedding that I thought we should just do it. But maybe subconsciously I was worried about losing at baby roulette. So we drove to Al's apartment to call to see about the quickie marriage, but they didn't do it on weekends.

We decided that Al would have to drive me back to college that day. But with his bed available, we played another game of baby roulette maybe three hours after our first one of the morning.

Luckily, none of my roommates had returned to our apartment, so Al stayed in my bed and fucked me at least three times—always a bareback baby-roulette fuck. He left the next day, and to this day we don't think anyone knew but us, except perhaps the guys in the apartment next door; we were so vigorous that the bed made a lot of noise. It wasn't until months later that we realized we'd fucked in three different cities in less than 24 hours!

I didn't see Al till the night before my graduation. By then my mother had given me the Pill to start taking in anticipation of my marriage (and I'm sure, in her mind, in anticipation of my "first inter-

"I sneaked in the guest room. When Al saw me, he got a lustful grin. He shed his boxers, and in no time his cock was thrusting in and out of me"

course"). When Al got to my apartment my parents were there, so he asked if there was "someplace we could go." I knew what he meant!

We were able to get away to a public park. We started making out, and he got some bare tit and panty-covered pussy. Since he had a small sports car, too confined for fucking, he'd brought a blanket, and we went to a dark part of the park. I had a skirt on, so he helped me pull off my panties and pushed his pants and boxers down. This time we didn't intend for him to pull out. I was at last on the Pill, and we had to start trusting it sometime! Besides, it was so close to the wedding that the worst we might have was an "eight-month pregnancy."

We did encounter one small problem: Just after Al shot his load in my pussy, cops appeared and arrested us! He spent the night in jail. But the dean of students didn't want a scandal and persuaded the cops and judge to change the charge to "disturbing the peace by means of improper attire" from "indecent behavior," or in plain language fucking in public. Al paid a small fine for both of us. Luckily, my parents never found out.

It was only a month to the wedding. We got in lots of sex. I often had a pussy full of Al's jism when we went to parties in our honor. One of the best was on his 30th birthday. After a family lunch we went to his apartment. Once we were naked and he had played around with my tits and fingered my pussy, he lay down on his back and invited me to hop on his straight-up cock.

I did so, and rode him cowgirl, and I kept riding after he shot his load in my pussy. His comehole was so tender, he said it was an exquisite mixture of pleasure and pain. Afterward, I had to be careful to check out my panties and be absolutely sure that none of Al's come had dripped into them for my mother to see when she did the laundry.

So on my wedding day my wonderful but naïve father thought he was giving away a virgin daughter to her groom to have in bed for the first time. In reality I was already a lascivious mistress to my groom, a shameless lover of fucking who had had a pregnancy scare and been arrested for public fornication. But I had lustfully played the game of baby roulette and won.—*Name and address withheld*

What do you remember most about losing your cherry? The person, the place or something else? Let us know what your first time was like. Send your letters to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department LI, 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, New York 10005. Or send e-mail to: letters@ffn.com

"We did encounter one problem: Just after Al shot his load in me, cops appeared and arrested us! He spent the night in jail"

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Her experiment was a huge success! It is indeed true, a bird in her hand is worth two in her bush—or mouth!

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SPOTLIGHT ON

Wives Gone Wild

He knew his wife was unfaithful, but he never confronted her. Was it fear? Discretion? Or did he secretly enjoy it?

For nearly two decades my wife and I had adhered to a tacit understanding that her infrequent infidelities should remain a taboo subject. Although I was certain she realized that I at least suspected the truth, we both refrained from talking about it. The precedent for this unusual aspect of our relationship was actually set during our prolonged engagement.

Our marriage might have been quite different if the need for me to get established in my career while Lana finished college hadn't forced us to endure a long-distance relationship during the year before our wedding. I didn't realize how oppressive the loneliness was for Lana until I was finally able to get time off to visit her over spring break. She seemed a bit nervous when I saw her, and it had been even more difficult than usual to persuade her to be intimate with me—our intimacy generally consisting of me pleasing her orally, or of her bringing me off in her cleavage, as she stubbornly insisted on remaining a virgin until our wedding. But this time, as I used my mouth on her, my probing tongue discovered that her precious hymen, which had until then remained conspicuously intact, had been ruptured. Perhaps I was in denial, but I didn't say anything at the time as I proceeded to bring her to orgasm.

I still find it difficult to understand, much less explain, why I resisted the urge to angrily confront my fiancée. Instead, out of a combination of opportunism and curiosity, I tentatively positioned myself between her thighs. To my surprise, Lana made no effort to fend off my probing penis, as she had done so many times before, nor did she offer her usual moralistic protests. In fact, the casual deftness with which she guided me to her vagina, while murmuring only a token protest, convinced me that she had indeed surrendered her precious virginity to another man.

Her obvious disappointment when my brief, frantic thrusting failed to bring her to another orgasm brought up further questions which I could not at the time articulate. Although I was tormented by these questions and fears, I still resisted the urge to confront her.

The need to delay our wedding until August gave me several months in which to do some serious soul-searching. It seemed obvious that my fiancée would have realized that I'd noticed her hymen had been ruptured, and had arrived at the obvious conclusion. Yet she had said nothing about it, any more than I had. And now, how could I justify questioning her about it, after I had so eagerly exploited the opportunity to get my penis inside her? Did that explain her eagerness to finally allow me to have sex with her? Had my sweet, once innocent fiancée allowed me to take her so that I would forever forfeit the right to confront her about how and to whom she had surrendered her precious virginity?

The suspicion that my wife-to-be had allowed some anonymous stud to usurp my right to be the first and

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"No sooner had she shed her wedding dress than she was kneeling before me to take my penis into her mouth. It was obvious that she was not a novice"

only man to plunge his penis into her vagina and flood her womb with his sperm was distressing. However, the prospect that she might cancel our wedding to be with another man was far more alarming. With this thought I brought myself to the realization that perhaps monogamy and fidelity were not the most important things in the world. I was finally able to rationalize my decision to quietly acquiesce to Lana's actions by telling myself that, since being engaged wasn't the same as being married, she wasn't actually guilty of adultery.

My resolve, however, was sorely tested on our wedding day, when I noticed that Lana's virginal white wedding gown, along with providing an enticing view of her deep cleavage, also revealed a gentle belly bulge which suggested that she may have been getting married none too soon. The fact that I could count on one hand the number of times we'd had intercourse during the final months of our engagement, at which times I had always been careful to pull out of her before coming, brought up further questions that I could have, and perhaps should have, asked. But the fact is that I was not certain I wanted to know the answers. I certainly didn't want to risk provoking an argument that might end our marriage before it had even begun. As we took our wedding vows, the phrase "for better or for worse" seemed profoundly significant.

My new bride's behavior on our wedding night went far to remove any reservations I may have had about marrying her. No sooner had she shed her wedding dress than she was kneeling before me to take my penis into her mouth for the first time. It was immediately obvious that she was not a novice at performing fellatio. Her eagerness to pleasure me orally seemed almost to be a gesture of atonement for her sins. After alternately sucking on my penis and testicles, she continued to fellate me until I ejaculated in her mouth. Although she teasingly allowed a trickle of my semen to dribble out of her mouth and onto her breast, she managed to swallow most of it.

Once I had recovered I eagerly pleasured her that way in return, which soon served to revive my erection. She eagerly spread her thighs for me as I got on top of her, and as I approached orgasm she responded by wrapping her legs around me to hold me in a vise-like grip that made it impossible for me to withdraw. As I consummated our marriage by ejaculating inside her for the first time, I was treated to the exquisite, unfamiliar sensation of her vagina spasming around my penis as she climaxed with me.

When my wife finally informed me that she was pregnant, several months later, she was evasive about when she was due, and I didn't question her when she gave birth to our son barely seven months after our wedding.

The eagerness with which Lana devoted herself to becoming the very model of a virtuous wife and devoted mother convinced me that she was repentant. Her willingness to honor her wedding vows by submitting to me so enthusiastically healed my wounded ego. Her eager sexual responsiveness—and her acceptance of my frequent inability to bring her to orgasm during intercourse—seemed to be an attempt at atonement. Although I never actually forgot her premarital infidelity, the memory gradually became almost dormant.

However, I must confess that there were occasional events that tended to trigger my fears. For instance, when we attended a reunion of Lana's college class, I noticed that several of the men, mostly athletes, greeted her with seemingly excessive enthusiasm. In spite of myself I found myself wondering if they had been intimate with her. Over the years I became convinced that there had been not just one but many men who had known her in the Biblical sense before I had.

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An even more distressing incident occurred when Lana and I took a vacation at a resort which featured a hot spring. One day after a long hike, we reached a seemingly deserted branch of the spring, surrounded by old-growth forest, and decided to indulge in the sensual pleasure of soaking nude in the refreshing waters.

their games. But I noticed that she made no effort to conceal her nudity from the men as she casually toweled herself dry and got dressed. Also, during the hike back to our car, she pulled me down in the grass for an amazingly unrestrained lovemaking session.

In spite of my fears and suspicions, Lana and I continued to maintain our

After a few minutes, however, our privacy was interrupted by the arrival of two other couples, about a decade older than we were, one white and the other black. I suggested we leave, but Lana cited her reluctance to reveal herself to the men as an excuse for staying in the water. However, I noticed that her gaze was focused on the men's genitals as they stripped and joined us in the pool, with what looked to me like prurient interest. While the white guy was almost as unimpressive as I am, the black man's endowment was spectacular. They seemed friendly enough, and even offered us some of their wine. Soon, however, the two couples began to flirt with each other in a way that made it obvious that they were into wife-swapping. At that point Lana and I decided to leave them to

conspiracy of silence. Then, about half a dozen years ago, something else happened. My employer began asking me to travel more and more as the company grew, and the hope of getting a promotion, combined with the fear of being fired, dissuaded me from protesting. Lana coped with my frequent prolonged absences as best she could, but it soon became obvious that the loneliness and sexual frustration was taking an emotional toll, and I couldn't object when she decided to distract herself by getting a part-time job as a secretary/receptionist. Of course this entailed her purchasing a new wardrobe for the office, one which appeared to me to accentuate rather than obscure her womanly charms. This, along with the knowledge that she was constantly in the company of

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SPOTLIGHT ON

"She had even allowed him to induct her into the mile-high club before returning home to her husband with another load of his semen in her pussy"

other men, and was no doubt attracting their lustful attentions, provoked my unease.

I might have been able to suppress my anxiety if Lana's boss, Walter, hadn't belonged to the same health club as I did. The aggressiveness with which Walter kicked my ass at racquetball and humiliated me in the weight room intensified my fear that he viewed me as a sexual rival. His frequent boasting about his sexual conquests left no doubt that he was a womanizer. But it was the sight of him in the shower that made me most fearful. Along with being taller and more muscular than I, he was also much better endowed. Not only was his penis longer and much thicker than my own, but his scrotum sagged under the weight of his massive testicles. Although he wasn't quite as impressive as the black man Lana and I had encountered at the hot spring, he definitely put me to shame.

My rather vague fears for my wife's virtue became much more pronounced a few weeks later, when she had to accompany her boss to a week-long convention out of town. And they were all but confirmed when she called soon after her arrival to complain that Walter had booked a suite for them, rather than separate rooms. I wanted to warn her, to remonstrate with her to be faithful to me, but that might surely have brought up those issues which had never arisen between us. As usual, I kept silent.

My worst suspicions were confirmed the Monday after Lana's return, when I overheard Walter boasting to his buddies in the locker room about how he had finally managed to seduce his big-breasted, married secretary during the convention. I remained hidden behind a bank of lockers as I covertly listened to him regale them with graphic details about how, after her initial seduction on the first night, his secretary had been almost insatiable during the remaining week of the convention. She had even allowed him to induct her into the mile-high club during the return flight, before returning home to her husband with yet another load of his semen in her pussy.

The guys all laughed when Walter told them that his secretary had declared that they could not continue their affair once they returned home, and they proceeded to place bets on what day of the week it would be when he finally got his big dick inside her again.

I had never felt so naked as when Walter and his buddies walked past me on the way to their lockers, and I could only pray that they wouldn't realize I had overheard them. But the way Walter engaged me in casual conversation as he leisurely toweled himself dry convinced me that he was intentionally taunting me by flaunting the big penis that had so recently been inside my wife's vagina.

I still find it difficult to explain why, even then, I didn't confront my wife about her adultery. At first it was the

hope that her seduction would remain an isolated event that allowed me to rationalize my silence. I was relieved by what Walter had said about her breaking off their affair. In addition, the exceptionally passionate lovemaking that we shared on the days after her return encouraged me to believe that she would remain repentant.

Unfortunately, however, I noticed clues during the following weeks that led me to fear that Lana had allowed Walter to seduce her once again, and was engaging in an ongoing affair with him. Perhaps there was an innocent explanation for her sudden preference for wearing stockings rather than pantyhose. (She had decided soon after returning to work that visible panty-lines made her butt look big. I had managed to express my approval while wisely refraining from agreeing). But there could be no such explanation for her sudden reluctance to remove her bra in my presence, in an obvious effort to conceal the incriminating hickeys on her breasts. The exceptional ease with which my penis entered her usually tight vagina upon my return home from business trips, even after I'd been away for as long as three weeks, also confirmed my fear that she hadn't been celibate while I was out of town. And in addition, the seemingly recent semen stains that I discovered on our sheets made me almost certain that not only was Lana cheating on me, she was even doing it in the sanctity of our marital bed. And yet I still somehow managed to rationalize my inability to confront her.

Then, during one of my extended business trips, my desire to escape from my lonely hotel room led me to an adult bookstore, where I discovered several paperback anthologies of submissions to *Penthouse Letters*. Reading the many accounts from husbands who had accepted or even encouraged their wife's unfaithfulness was a catharsis for me. More importantly, it forced me to acknowledge my own ambivalence. Although Lana's repeated infidelities had provoked the customary jealousy, humiliation and anxiety, they had also, I now had to admit to myself, evoked my intense arousal.

I was nonetheless relieved when Lana finally resigned from her job a few weeks later, and our relationship returned to what I hoped was now a monogamous marriage.

While Lana never actually confessed her infidelities, we were finally compelled to have a conversation that related to the issue after she discovered the collection of *Penthouse Letters* magazines and paperbacks that I kept hidden in the garage. When she asked me about it, I was surprised that she appeared calmer and less shocked than I would have expected. It soon became humiliatingly obvious, however, that she had perused the magazines and books, and had taken note of which pages I had marked with folded corners. In response to her queries, and without directly alluding to her extramarital activities, I confessed to her that the subject of infidelity fascinated me. I then added boldly that I had often fantasized about watching her have sex with another man. The fact was that until I said those words I had never fully admitted, even to myself, that they were true.

Lana looked at me for a long time without speaking. Then she said that she had also had fantasies about being with another man—most particularly, she said, a black man. Even more amazingly, she then admitted to me that she had come perilously close to fulfilling this fantasy before our marriage, when her sorority sisters had taken her out clubbing to celebrate her 21st birthday. She had spent some time dancing and flirting with a handsome African-American named Paul, who hadn't allowed her engagement ring to dissuade him from trying to seduce her. With the encouragement of her friends, she had nervously accepted his invitation to go out to his Cadillac to smoke some marijuana. She had been intending to just make out with the guy, and perhaps pleasure him by taking his penis between her breasts, as she had sometimes done for me. However, when she saw how large his penis was, her own lust had inspired her to kiss and lick it before tentatively taking it in her mouth. Paul had patiently but assertively encouraged her, until she had gotten almost half his length into her mouth. Lana had been elated to feel that she was about to suck him to climax, until he gently pulled her mouth off of his penis. Although his intentions had been obvious, she had not put up much of a protest as he laid her back on the car seat. She had even lifted her hips so that he could

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SPOTLIGHT ON

slide her panties off, while pleading with him to be gentle with her because she was a virgin.

According to Lana, it had perhaps been fortunate that the prospect of not only having sex with a white woman, but actually taking the virginity of one who was already engaged to be married, was so arousing for the young man that his efforts to penetrate her were clumsy and ineffective, and he had actually ejaculated before he succeeded in rupturing her hymen.

Although I was shocked and aroused by this story in almost equal proportions, I couldn't help but suspect that the young black man had indeed succeeded in fucking her, and that she had made up the last part in order to convince me that she had still remained a virgin, and thus had technically not been unfaithful. But this did not explain the fact that her hymen had not been intact when we had next met, or the premature birth of our first son. I did not challenge her, however, and we proceeded to make love with an intensity I had not experienced since that day at the hot spring.

We did not discuss the subject of infidelity again until several months later, when Lana took me out for a romantic evening to celebrate our 20th anniversary. She had rented a hotel room so that we wouldn't have to worry about driving home, or about our children impeding the culmination of our romantic evening. As I watched her get dressed in our room, I became aroused by the realization that she was wearing only a lacy black bustier and a pair of stockings under an extremely revealing little black dress that she had purchased for the occasion.

After treating me to dinner at my favorite restaurant, Lana insisted on stopping at the hotel lounge for a few drinks and some dancing. When I became fatigued by my clumsy efforts on the dance floor, I excused myself to go to the men's room. When I returned to our table, I discovered that a handsome black man, who looked to be perhaps two decades younger than my wife, was sitting there flirting with her. His hand was on hers, and he was too indiscreet to even pretend that his lustful gaze wasn't focused on her deep cleavage. Lana's demeanor was amazingly casual as she introduced me to the man, whose name was Fred, and then explained that she was going to dance with him. I could do nothing but sit and watch as he ushered her onto the dance floor.

At first Fred appeared rather gallant as he led my spouse through some complicated dance moves that I could never have mastered. Then, when the music slowed, he began to take liberties. Rather than attempting to fend off his roaming hands in her usual modest way, Lana looked me directly in the eye as she allowed his hand to drift downward to caress her butt. She didn't even protest when he lifted the hem of her dress to reveal to anyone watching that she wasn't wearing panties, while his ebony hand caressed her alabaster flesh. Nor did she object when his other hand drifted upwards to fondle her breast. I watched dazedly as he reached up to slide the zipper of her dress down several inches. I had no doubt that he was reaching inside her open neckline to fondle her naked breasts.

When the young man finally escorted my wife back to our table, she seemed to be oblivious to the fact that one lace-clad breast was practically hanging out of her dress. She giggled and smiled knowingly at me as she squeezed my erect penis though my trousers, saying, "You might not be excited, but your penis sure is." I was too shocked to reply, or to resist as she hooked one arm in Fred's and the other in mine so she could lead us both out of the lounge.

I couldn't believe that my wife was doing this, even as we got on the elevator to go up to our room. Fred, however, had no doubts. He removed her

"She didn't even protest when he lifted the hem of her dress to reveal to anyone watching that she wasn't wearing panties, while his hand caressed her flesh"

dress while we were still in the elevator. When the doors opened I submissively picked up the discarded garment and followed them to our room. Lana made no effort to conceal her near-nudity from the shocked couple we passed in the hallway. In the room she didn't even wait for me to close the door before she dropped to her knees to remove Fred's trousers so she could fellate him.

Fred certainly lived up to the reputation that black men have for being well endowed. I suspected that my spouse had assessed him while they were dancing, and would have rejected him if he hadn't measured up to her fantasy. I found myself comparing Fred's penis to that of Walter's, which I had seen in the locker room. Fred's ebony tool was at least as thick, and a couple of inches longer. Even his testicles were larger. It came to me that Walter would possibly be humiliated if he knew that the married secretary he had so arrogantly seduced was about to experience a penis that was larger even than his own. For some reason this thought pleased me.

Fred was obviously hoping that Lana would suck him to orgasm, but he didn't protest when she stopped, then got onto the bed and spread her thighs in wanton invitation. He eagerly positioned himself between her thighs, but at that point he glanced over at

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SPOTLIGHT ON

"I watched with a throbbing cock as her labia stretched to accommodate his unaccustomed girth while he eased his entire length into her with a single stroke"

me, as if to assure himself that I was actually going along with this. I just looked back at him and said nothing. As always.

Even two decades of thinking, worrying and fantasizing about my wife's presumed infidelities hadn't prepared me for the exquisite, indescribable feeling of actually watching another man's penis penetrate her vagina. Even after giving birth to our children, her pussy was tight for him. I watched with a pounding heart and a throbbing cock as her labia stretched to accommodate his unaccustomed girth while he slowly eased his entire length into her with a single, languid stroke, until his enormous testicles were nestled in the cleft of her butt.

Fred was young, but he was obviously experienced enough to have stamina and skill. He knew exactly how to vary the rhythm, angle and depth of his thrusting to pleasure her. He soon succeeded in bringing her to climax, and then did so again and again. Lana was so overwhelmed with lust that strange animal-like sounds came from her throat, and her fingernails dug frantically into the flesh of his back. He obviously didn't mind.

Eventually it became obvious that Fred's own orgasm was imminent. I considered pleading with him to pull out of her, so that she wouldn't get pregnant, but my pride compelled me to remain silent. I was relieved, though, when he actually did withdraw, the first spurt of his semen already squirting from his penis as it emerged from her vagina. Lana moaned through one final climax as his sperm sprayed out onto her breasts and belly.

When Fred got off my wife she beckoned to me to join her on the bed, and deftly freed my penis from my trousers when I did so. I eagerly got on top of her, my head spinning with the knowledge that I was following another man's penis into my wife's body. As she clutched me with her tightly gripping thighs, I resisted the urge to thrust frantically, heedlessly into that body as hard as I could. Instead I forced myself to move slowly—so slowly that Lana became impatient and urged me to roll

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over, so that she was on top. Mischievously she ran her fingers through the remains of Fred's semen, still on her body, and rubbed it around my penis before taking me into her vagina. This made me very nervous, but I could do nothing as my wife began to ride me, using the rhythmic flexing of her pelvic muscles to pleasure me as well as herself as she pumped up and down. I was happy when she climaxed again, but was frustrated when she raised herself off me before I could come.

Lana now slid her pelvis up my torso until she straddled my face, her pussy pressing against my mouth. I knew exactly what she wanted, and for a moment I was disconcerted, knowing that traces of Fred's sperm, as well as my own precome, were still inside her. But then my reluctance was overcome by a powerful surge of unreasoning lust, and I allowed myself to be swept away by it, my lips and tongue working frantically to clean her out, my mouth and throat eager to gulp down her juices and whatever else was in there. I was elated when I succeeded in bringing her to climax yet again.

I was now hoping that Lana would finally grant me release, but at that point she noticed that Fred's erection had revived, and she had him lie on the bed so she could impale herself on his big ebony penis. She remained still, using only the rhythmic flexing of her pelvic muscles to pleasure him, as she had with me, but without moving her body. She continued to massage his big black penis with her vagina until it became obvious that he was on the verge of climax. Although he warned her that he was about to come, she made no effort to release him, even when he stiffened and cried out. Watching as my spouse shamelessly allowed another man to ejaculate inside her vagina was the most emotionally affecting experience of my life, and I felt my own cock spasming as I shot my seed uselessly onto the carpet. The sensation of Fred's semen flooding into her womb caused Lana's body to spasm uncontrollably as she screamed out a final orgasm.

When Lana finally dismounted from Fred's big black penis, a surge of semen flowed out of her vagina. We were all silent as Fred got up and dressed, but as he was leaving my wife gave him her cell phone number.

Lana and I did not talk about our encounter with Fred until she finally had her period, three weeks later. "What would you have done if he had gotten me pregnant?" she asked me then. "Would you have divorced me, or tried to talk me into getting an abortion? Or putting the baby up for adoption?"

"Of course not," I said. "I love you, and I would have done anything you wanted." With that I kissed her tenderly, then moved down to kiss, lick and suck on her sweet breasts and nipples. I felt her hands in my hair, pushing me lower, and I obligingly slid my mouth down over her belly and then to her crotch, proceeding to pleasure her orally.

Since then my wife and I have tacitly resumed our understanding that her extramarital dalliances should remain a taboo subject. Although she is discreet, she is not deceitful. She doesn't flaunt the evidence of her chronic infidelities, but she makes no effort to conceal them from me. But now the aroma and flavor of another man's semen in her vagina has become an aphrodisiac for me, and on those rare occasions when I get to actually watch her with one of her lovers, I know in my heart that our marriage is indeed blessed.—*G.W., Laramie, Wyoming*

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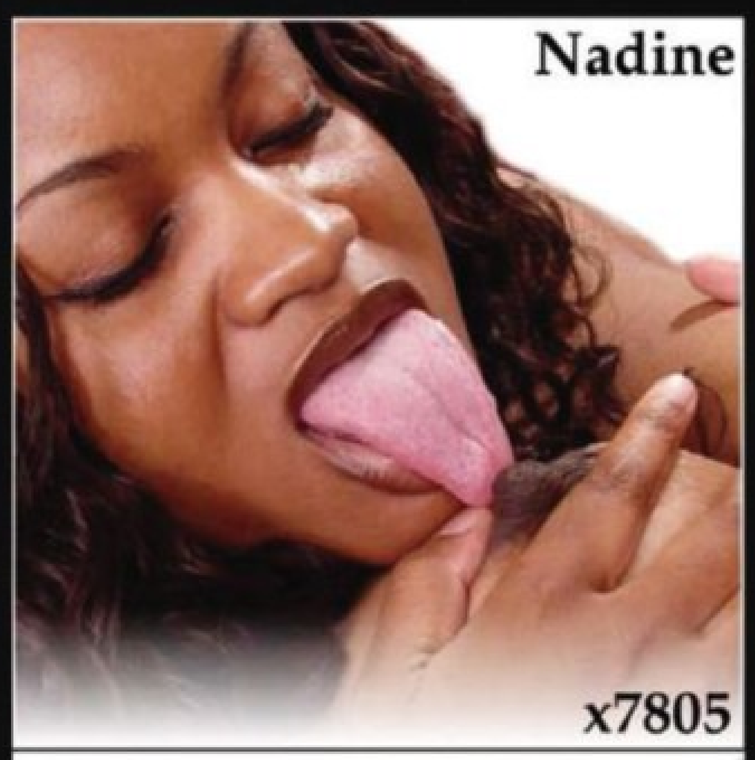

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Pursuit & Capture

It's better to be chased than chaste—and chasing can be fun too

SHE WANTED HIS BUSINESS, AND HE WAS GLAD TO GIVE IT TO HER

My late husband Tim and I ran our joint business together for many years, and we had our own special way of entertaining special clients.

I recall one time when we had an appointment to take a very important prospective customer out to dinner. On the day before, I asked my friend Jane to go shopping with me, to help me

find an eye-catching dress to wear to the dinner. I never hesitated to show off my sexy little body in order to distract a client's mind from his wallet. As for Tim, he loved it when other men ogled his wife, and we always ended up having fantastic sex afterwards. I won't even try telling you I didn't also love the attention; it thrilled me to know that men wanted me, and possibly masturbated thinking of me. I wasn't a total cock-tease, though; there were times when I discreetly satisfied the desires of a particularly attractive gentleman client . . . or even a non-client, from time to time.

And Tim had no objection to that either.

Jane and I shopped most of the day without finding anything that I liked. We were just about to go home empty-handed when we wandered into a tiny shop we'd never bothered to check out before. There were only a few dresses on display, since it was the kind of exclusive shop that only stocked one style or color of any particular dress. We were greeted warmly by a gentleman in his mid-50s, who introduced himself as Mario and welcomed us to his shop.

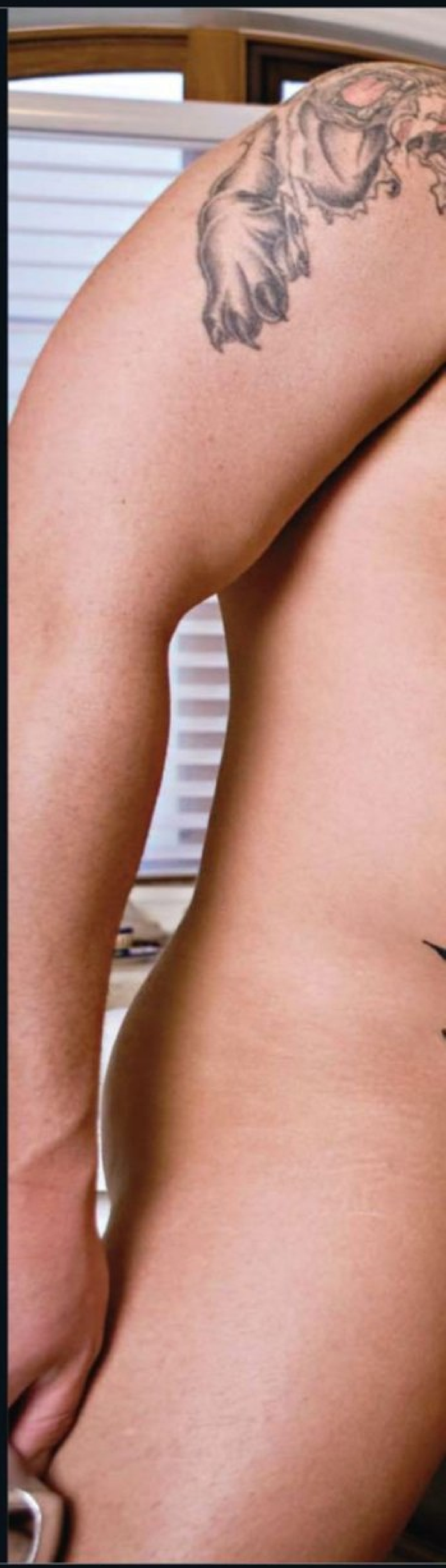
When I explained to Mario that I was looking for a sexy number for an important dinner, he slowly looked me up and down and guessed my size correctly. He then showed us into a large dressing room, telling us to help ourselves to a beverage and he would be right back.

Mario returned rolling a rack of colorful dresses unlike anything we'd seen before. There was one blue sheath that immediately caught my eye, and I took it behind a screen to change, since Mario did not leave the room.

The sheath was so tight that I had to have Jane zip it up for me, but when I looked in the mirror I was disappointed. Though I loved the look of it, it fit me so snugly that it showed every line of my bra, garter belt and panties. I reluctantly started to say no, but Mario quickly spoke up, saying that I just needed some different lingerie.

Again excusing himself, he went out and returned in a moment, handing me a filmy bra and a pair of pantyhose, and instructing me to remove everything, put the new things on and try the dress again. When I did so, I could not believe the difference the change made. The dress still clung tightly to my body, but showed no tell-tale lines at all. It enhanced my assets, but didn't overdo it by making me look vulgar. My search was over. I thanked Mario profusely and assured him that we would be back.

I took extra care doing my hair and



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makeup the next day, and when I walked into our bedroom to dress, I found Tim watching the news in his underwear. He grinned at me and said slyly, "I modified your hose for you, honey." And sure enough, when I inspected my new pantyhose I found that he had carefully cut out the crotch.

At first I was furious, but Tim calmed me down by producing another pair that he had bought as a backup, just in case. He then asked me to please try on the crotchless ones, just for him.

I wiggled into the hose and took a look in the mirror. I had to admit I looked hot with my bare pussy hanging out of them, but there was no way I was going to wear them outside. I started to take them off, but Tim grabbed me and kissed me more passionately then he had in a long time. "Please, honey," he said when our lips parted. "Please wear them for me. I'll be so horny all night, knowing what is under your dress, and nobody else will have a clue that your sweet pussy is all naked and exposed." He pleaded until I finally agreed, and we both hastened to finish dressing before the hired limousine arrived.

I made sure Tim was between me and the driver when I got into the limo, since there is no ladylike way to get in or out of a car like that, especially in the tight, short dress I had purchased. Tim tried to slip his hand under that dress as soon as the car door closed, but he didn't have much of a chance to play, as it was only a short ride to the hotel where we were to pick up Larry, our prospective client.

We both got out to greet Larry as he came out to the car. I had been negotiating with him for months, but Tim had never met him personally, so I introduced them and we chatted a minute before reentering the limo. I got in first, and was trying to tug my skirt down when I looked up to see that Larry had a bird's-eye view up my dress. I crossed my legs, but not too quickly, wondering just how much he had seen before the car lights dimmed and the limo started up again.

At the restaurant I tried to be as modest as possible getting out of the car, and I was grateful when we were seated inside, with a long tablecloth hanging down to give me a little of my modesty back. We ordered wine, and Larry proposed a toast to profitable business relations, which was a promising sign.

We had a great meal, and afterwards moved to the lounge for after-dinner drinks. After a while Larry excused himself to go to the men's room, and Tim took advantage of his absence to again explore the moist folds between my legs. He was surprised by how aroused I was, and asked why I was so wet.

I told him that Larry had gotten a free look up my dress getting into the limo, and that he'd been seducing me with his eyes ever since. "I'm sorry, honey," I explained, "but you know I've been working with him for several months now, and I've become quite fond of him. I can tell that he is attracted to me, and even though I know he's old enough to be my father, the fact is he's is in great physical shape, and handsome as hell. Damn it, it just makes me so horny to be around him. I need you to take me home and fuck me, baby, and I mean as soon as possible, okay?"

"I got in first, and was trying to tug my skirt down when I looked up to see that Larry had a bird's-eye view up my dress. I crossed my legs, but not too quickly, wondering just how much he had seen"

"It sounds like you need Larry to fuck you, not me," Tim said. "And if that's what you want, honey, I say go for it. And you know it would be good for business too. He'd surely sign with us then!"

"I love you, baby," I told him. "But how would we arrange it? We can't just come out and proposition him, it would look too blatant."

"Leave it to me," Tim said. "I'll think of something."

Tim went to the men's room shortly after Larry returned, and when he

came back he asked me for a dance before we left. It was a slow, romantic song, and he held me close, whispering his plan into my ear.

My clever husband had called his friend, who just happened to be the local police chief, and arranged for a cop to stop the limo on the way back and arrest him for an outstanding traffic warrant. I was to pretend to be upset, and the cop would tell me that there would be a hearing on Monday, and until then Tim would not be allowed any visitors, other than his attorney.

The plan went off so realistically that I would have been scared to death if I hadn't been in on it. Of course Tim claimed to know nothing about the warrant as he was being put into the squad car. Larry bought it completely, asking how Tim could have allowed that to happen. I assured him that it had to be some kind of mistake, and that our lawyer would have him out on Monday, no doubt with an apology from the cops.

Larry sat close beside me as the limo continued on to his hotel. I was surprised that he didn't make a move on me then, but I guess he thought I was still too upset about Tim's "arrest." When we got there he asked me if he would be out of line asking me to come in for a nightcap. I told him I wasn't looking forward to going home to an empty house, and would enjoy having a nightcap. When Larry got out of the car I surreptitiously tipped the driver and told him not to wait.

We entered the hotel lounge, and Larry guided me to a small booth in the back, where we could sit next to each other. I was quite aware of his thigh pressing against mine as we sat talking quietly. At one point he paused to look me up and down, and then said, "I have to tell you, Helen, that you always look great, but tonight you're absolutely stunning in that little blue dress. I'm a married man, but the fact is that I wouldn't let that stop me from making a pass at you if you weren't also married."

So there it was. I sat my glass down carefully, saying, "Oh my God, what is happening to me? I've never thought of breaking my marriage vows, Larry, until you began seducing me with your eyes tonight." Of course this was a lie, but he didn't know it. A moment later he was kissing me tenderly as his hands began to fondle my lust-swollen breasts, sending tremors through my loins. My hand went to his crotch, and soon had a very hard cock to fondle through his trousers. He let a hand drop to my nylon-covered thigh and started sliding it up under my dress. I quickly put my free hand down to stop him, saying, "We can't do this sitting in a public place, Larry."

He nodded, and then said in a hoarse voice, "Would you like to go up to my room for some privacy?"

I looked straight into his eyes. "I would," I said. "But you understand that my husband can never know about this."

"My wife either," he said. "But God, Helen, I can hardly wait to make love to you."

"Get one thing straight, Larry," I told him. "If I go up to your room we'll be fucking, not making love, because I only do that with my husband."

That seemed to make him even hotter, and a few minutes later we were inside his hotel room. As soon as the door closed he took me in his arms, kissing me hungrily as his hands cupped and squeezed the cheeks of my ass. When we broke apart he said, "Helen, you're wearing pantyhose? I'm surprised, because I would've sworn I saw a glimpse of your pussy when we first got into the limo."

I shook my finger at him, saying, "Don't you know it's impolite to peek up a lady's dress?" He started to say something, but I put my finger to his lips. "What the hell," I said, smiling at him. "You're going to be seeing my pussy anyway, right? So why not help

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me out by unzipping my dress?"

It took a second for that to sink in, but he soon turned me around to lower my zipper. I faced him again as I slipped the dress off my shoulders and lowered it to my hips, revealing my full breasts encased in the nearly transparent bra. My areolae and nipples were swollen with arousal, and Larry couldn't resist reaching for them.

I began undressing him while he fondled my breasts, and I had him stripped to his boxers by the time he got my bra off. I dropped to my knees, dragging his shorts down to free his erection and take it into my hot mouth. Luckily he was standing beside the bed, as his knees went weak and he sank down onto it as I bobbed on his big dick. It was nearly identical to Tim's, nice and thick and a little over seven inches. I had blown my husband so often that I had no trouble throating that pole, and would happily have sucked him off if he hadn't pulled me off it by putting his hands under my arms and lifting me up. "Stop, please," he said hoarsely. "I don't want to blow my chance to screw you by coming in your mouth."

I got onto the bed then and rolled onto my back. Larry pushed my dress up, and gave a cry of surprise at the sight of my exposed pussy in the crotchless hose. "Oh my God!" he exclaimed, and he buried his face deep in my crotch, his tongue fucking at me wildly as his hot breath stimulated my throbbing clit. I was already so hot from sucking his cock that I exploded in his face in just seconds, drenching him with my juices.

I was still quivering from my orgasm when I felt him enter me, shoving his entire cock into my pussy with one sure stroke. He cupped my ass cheeks with both hands, fucking me like a jackhammer for the next 20 minutes, exhibiting amazing control and stamina for a man of his age. I loved the way he chewed on my neck and ears, grunting and growling as we fucked like two wild animals mating for the first time. I almost thought he was going to expire when he finally blew his cork and began pumping an endless stream of hot semen into my clasping cunt before collapsing on top of me with my new dress bunched around my waist.

We rested for a while, then finished undressing and fucked again. This time it was slow and leisurely, and we switched positions from time to time, screwing for an hour or so until Larry finally asked if we could finish with me on my knees and him behind me. I rolled over onto my hands and knees and looked over my shoulder, saying, "I'm a mare in heat, and I want you to fuck me like the stud stallion you are." I felt like that too, like a mare getting two feet of horse cock as Larry loomed over me, humping away at my upturned cunt until he filled it with his creamy seed.

We lounged around Larry's room all the next day, ordering food from room service and screwing like a couple of teenagers every time Larry got it up.

"I rolled over onto my hands and knees and looked over my shoulder, saying, 'I'm a mare in heat, and I want you to fuck me like the stallion you are.' I felt like that too, a mare getting two feet of cock"

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To my delight, Larry turned out to be addicted to eating pussy, and he had me keep my pantyhose on the whole time, loving the way they framed my bare crotch for his pleasure. I didn't tell him he had my husband to thank for that.

When I finally got home on Sunday evening Tim was surprised to see me, thinking I would have stayed with Larry until the imaginary hearing on Monday. But I told him I couldn't stand being away from him another night, and that I wanted to make love to him as soon as I showered. "No time for a shower, babe," Tim told me. "I want you right now."

I protested, saying, "It's really nasty down there, honey. Larry just couldn't get enough of my pussy, and I lost track of how many times he fucked me. In fact he just spewed a load in me not half an hour ago."

With that my horny husband tossed me over his shoulder and carried me upstairs, where he dropped me on the bed. He pulled the dress down to bare my braless tits, then pushed my skirt up and took me, still wearing my hose with the hole in them. After he blew his load I told him that was just how Larry had first taken me, and Tim immediately jumped me again.

Larry, of course, signed a contract with us and became one of our most important customers. He was still doing business with us when I sold the company after my husband's untimely death. Even after we were no longer business associates, however, I continued to slip him a little nookie whenever he came to town. And in fact I still do.—*H.B., Albany, New York*

HE'D NEVER BEEN ATTRACTED TO LARGE WOMEN—UNTIL JENNIFER

Last week I was out drinking with a few of my buddies, and naturally we started talking about chicks. When Eddie said he often found bigger girls a lot of fun to be with, we laughed at him and teased him about being a "chubby chaser."

A few minutes later a group of four women came into the bar. They were all in their 30s, and dressed to the nines, and all of them were on the plump side. They showed lots of cleavage and bare flesh, including a good deal of chubby thigh, and I noticed that two of them wore wedding rings.

They were obviously out for fun, and we began chatting with them. It didn't take long for the conversation to get a little risqué, and even crude. The loudest and crudest of the girls was a redhead named Jennifer. She was wearing a tight red dress that barely covered her ample tits and round ass, and her bouncy tits had a spattering of freckles, like her face. My friend Carl and I took turns dancing with her, and she was a lot of fun. After a couple of dances I had a big hard-on, despite the fact that I was normally not attracted to large women.

At one point I suggested to Carl that since Jennifer seemed to be attracted to both of us, maybe we could double-team her. Jennifer overheard this, and far from being insulted, she said she was game if we were. I was excited, but at the last moment Carl got cold feet and left.

Jennifer then said she hoped I was man enough for her by myself, and I said I thought I was. She told me she lived five minutes away, so I made my excuses to my other friends, and we left.

Once we got to her place she led me into the living room, brought me a beer and said she'd be right back. When she returned she was no longer wearing the dress, but she still wore her thigh-high boots, a black bra and matching panties and black stockings. She was also carrying a long black dildo.

"Do you think this will make up for your lame friend?" she asked me. Then, without waiting for an answer, she slid the dildo into her cleavage. "I'm so horny!" she moaned. "My husband is always on the road, so I have to find my own fun."

She pulled the dildo from her tits and ran it down her body to her crotch, where she rubbed it back and forth over her tight panties, moaning softly. Kneeling on the floor, she pushed her round ass toward me, pulling her panties to one side to reveal her damp, puffy pussy lips. They parted easily as the tip of the dildo pushed against them. Sliding it in further, she moaned some more and

> "She wore thigh-high boots, a black bra, matching panties and black stockings. She was also carrying a long black dildo. 'Do you think this will make up for your lame friend?' she asked me"

rolled onto her back, puling the wet panties off at the same time. As she fucked herself with the toy, her hips bucked back and forth and her other hand massaged her clit.

After a few minutes her moans hit a crescendo, after which she let out a long sigh. "Mmm, I needed that," she said finally. "Now, let me see to you."

With that she undid my pants and pushed them and my boxers down, and my hard cock sprang free. She took it in her hand and kissed it all over, then licked it like a lollipop before

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pushed the thing slowly up her ass. She screamed like hell, but didn't stop me. "Oh God, oh God!" she wailed as I drilled her with my cock and the dildo at the same time.

This was all such a turn-on that I soon shot my come deep in her cunt and collapsed on top of her as we struggled to catch our breath. Finally I rolled off her, my come leaking from her cunt, and after a few minutes I told her I had to go. I said I'd had a great time, which was true, and hoped to have fun with her again sometime.

Jennifer walked me to the door with my come running down her leg, and kissed me good-bye. When I got home I was relived to find that my wife was sound asleep.

I didn't tell my buddies about what happened with Jennifer, but being with her changed my perspective on bigger women, and I now know that Eddie was right. They can be a lot of fun.—*L.D., Madison, Wisconsin*

engulfing me in her warm wet mouth. She sucked me like a vacuum cleaner, and I very nearly came right down her throat.

She stopped before I could, however, and then removed her bra, freeing those huge tits. Kneeling between my legs, she squeezed my cock some more, then put it between her fleshy breasts and gave me a wet, amazing tit fuck. I soon hit climax, and shot a strong spurt of spunk across her chest and up to her mouth. She quickly swallowed that first shot, and let the rest of my jism splatter her tits. She licked my sperm from her lips and rubbed it into her immense tits and her hard nipples.

As she did that I moved down her body and gently kissed her swollen cunt. I pushed my tongue into her and used two fingers to stimulate her clitoris. I reached back to play with her ass as well, and her moans told me how much she loved it. I pumped a finger in and out of her ass, and she soon screamed and came, literally shooting her juices onto my lapping tongue.

> "Kneeling between my legs, she squeezed my cock, then put it between her fleshy breasts and gave me a wet, amazing tit fuck. I soon shot a strong spurt of spunk across her chest and up to her mouth"

She went limp for a moment, but soon recovered and asked me to fuck her. She rolled over onto all fours, and I got behind her and slid into her pussy inch by inch. She pushed back against me as I held her round ass cheeks and pumped her with all my might. She begged me to slap her ass, and when I did she moaned even more. While she was going crazy I picked up the dildo and brought it to her ass. "Yes!" she gasped out, so I

HE MEETS AN OLD FLAME AT A PARTY, AND THE HEAT IS INTENSE

I had been invited to a party at the house of one of my friends. When I got to the place and stepped out of my car, I saw Eileen, an old girlfriend of mine, approaching the house. She was wearing a black dress that emphasized her gorgeous curves, and sexy black heels that made the most of her long luscious legs.

I stood by my car for a moment to see if she would notice me, but she walked right past me without a word

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and entered the house. I could hear the loud music blaring out when she opened the door, and got a quick view of people dancing and drinking. Evidently she thought I wasn't worth her time, so I decided just to enjoy the rest of the night and not think about it.

For several hours I drank and mingled and talked to my friends. At one point I saw Eileen in another room, talking and flirting with some guy who looked like he came straight out of a men's magazine, tall and fit and confident-looking. I tried to ignore the sight and go back to my conversation, but I couldn't focus. So I decided to go upstairs and lie down for awhile.

I ended up passing out for an hour or so in one of the bedrooms, and when I woke up the house was dead quiet. I walked downstairs to find most of the people gone, and the few who remained mostly passed out among the empty bottles and cups. I stepped over everyone and made my way to the kitchen for another shot. When I got there I saw Eileen sitting on the counter. I tried to avoid being seen, but she caught sight of me and called me over. She then surprised me by asking me where I had been all this time. "I didn't think you even noticed I was here," I said.

"Oh, I noticed," she said, smiling at me. "I was waiting to see if you would have the balls to come and say hi." I could feel my face getting red, so I quickly asked her where her friend had gone to, the guy she'd been talking to before.

She shrugged. "We went out to his car to fool around a little, and it started to get pretty heavy. Then, just when the clothes started coming off, his girlfriend called him and he backed out."

I didn't know what to say. I looked at her sitting there in that tight black dress and those sexy heels, and I couldn't help but notice that her legs were open as she sat on the counter. I could see the black thong she was wearing under her short dress, pulled a little askew. She saw where I was looking, and asked me if I liked the view. I told her it wasn't as though I hadn't seen it before. But, I added, I wouldn't mind seeing more

Eileen laughed, then hopped off the counter and moved very close to me. Then she leaned over and whispered in my ear, "What makes you think I'd let you do that?"

I could smell the perfume on her neck, and it affected me strongly. I planted a couple of soft kisses on her neck, moving down to her shoulder. "That's for you to decide," I told her, and then—with some difficulty—I pulled away from her. "I'll be upstairs lying down if you get bored," I said, and I left. My cock was hard, but I wanted to make her come to me, after the way she had ignored me earlier.

I went back upstairs, and when she didn't follow I lay down again on the same bed, disappointed and frustrated. Then I decided that I might as well relieve myself, and I was just about to pull out my dick when she came through the door. She was completely naked.

Her body was even more stunning than I had remembered. For a moment she stood there looking at me, one hand up on the door, the other running through her hair. I could only stare at that perfect body, the curves of her hips, and the perkiness of her breasts, neither too small nor too big. They jiggled erotically as she began to walk toward me. Her ass was perfect too, round and firm. I have always been a sucker for a nice ass.

Without a word she came up to me and started to kiss me. She had always been a great kisser, but now she was phenomenal. She took my shirt off and started to kiss my chest. She worked her way down my torso and started to undo my belt. I could feel myself getting harder with every kiss. My pants came off and she took hold of my dick through my shorts, tugging at it teasingly. I had to make an effort not to come right then.

She ran her mouth over my waist as she pulled my boxers off, then kissed her way down. She took the tip of my cock into her mouth and licked it slowly, and I couldn't help moaning with pure pleasure. Then she began to suck on me deliciously, stroking me as she did so. I couldn't take my eyes off her as her head bobbed up and down. She did with such grace and skill, like a pro, but lovingly too.

"She took my cock into her mouth and licked it slowly, and I couldn't help moaning with pleasure. Then she began to suck on me. I couldn't take my eyes off her as her head bobbed up and down"

When I couldn't stand it any more I leaned up and pulled her down on her back on the bed, telling her it was my turn. I kissed my way from her neck all the way down her body, stopping at her breasts and sucking on them, and then moving down her perfect stomach. When I got to her waist I stopped again to run my lips and tongue across it. Then I moved to her feet and kissed my way up her legs, all the way up along her inner thighs, licking and nibbling. I ran my hands over her sides and cupped them around

her ass, lifting her up to my mouth so I could lick her sweet wet pussy. I flicked my tongue over her clitoris and used every trick I knew to keep her aroused. I sucked on her clit and slipped a finger into her now dripping pussy. I continued this until she was shaking hard, on the verge of climax. Then she came, and the harder she came the more I sucked, and then she came again.

When she finally subsided I moved back up to her mouth and kissed her sweet lips. I bit softly at her neck and shoulder, letting my now rock-hard cock rub against her wet pussy lips. I thought it might be too soon, but no—she arched herself up at me, breathlessly begging me to fuck her. I slipped my cock inside her and started off slowly, pulling her legs up over my shoulders so I could get in nice and deep. I had one hand behind her back, holding her against me, and the other one in her hair, pulling it back so I could kiss her neck. I could feel her pussy contracting as I fucked her, and the tighter she got the harder I would pound into her. When I felt her spasming and coming on my cock, I decided to switch positions.

I bent her over the bed and got behind her, her perfect ass facing me. I slipped my cock back into her pussy, which was now completely soaked with her come, then grabbed her hips and pulled her back on my dick. She felt so amazing that I almost thought I was dreaming. The sound of her moaning got me so crazy that when she cried out for me to fuck her harder and faster I did so without hesitation, thrusting into her like a battering ram. I could feel myself getting closer to coming, but I was determined to bring her to one more climax. I held on until she was screaming in pleasure, and as she spasmed again I thrust deeper and harder, making sure she got everything I could give her. A few minutes later I pulled out and came like a cannon all over her ass.

I cleaned her off then and we lay down on the bed, both of us sweating and tired. But not more than two minutes later she looked over at me with a grin and said, "Wanna go again?"

Let's just say that, all in all, that was the best night of my life. But it didn't lead to anything. I haven't seen her since, and right now it doesn't seem likely that we will get together again.

Unless maybe at the next party.—*F.G., Yonkers, New York*

HIS WIFE IS A NYMPHO, AND HE COULDN'T BE HAPPIER ABOUT IT

Last night I got the best piece of ass I've ever gotten in my life. The interesting thing is that the woman who gave it to me was none other than my wife.

Ann and I have been married for six years, and she has always been a willing and wonderful sex partner since the night of our first date. Ann is considerably older and much more experienced than I, and she is the most desirable woman I've ever met. She was a widow, having been married for many years to a man who understood that she was far too much woman for one man to ever satisfy, and who allowed her to take lovers, both long and short term, in order to keep her happy.

I know this because she told me all about it when I asked her to marry me, and she proved it by showing me a collection of diaries she had kept, dating back to when she had lost her virginity at the age of 18. In them she had recorded graphic descriptions of her sexual activities with many men through the years. She wanted me to know the truth before she married me, and she was delighted to find that reading about her sexual past not only didn't upset me, but on the contrary, aroused me almost more than anything ever had before.

A couple of weeks ago I was lying between Ann's luscious thighs, up to my balls in her hot slick snatch, when I asked her if she didn't miss the old thrill of having sex with a new partner. She was quiet for a minute, then gripped my buttocks to stop my thrusting. "Listen, baby," she said then. "I love you, you know that. But I am like the leopard that doesn't lose its spots. The fact is that I have cheated on you, honey, and it's about time you knew it. I have never been able to control my sexual urges, and I still can't. I've only done it when I was out of town, and it's only been with four men since we've been married, though all of them screwed me numerous times. It's all in my diaries, if you'd like to read about it."

This confession turned me on like crazy, and my only complaint was that she hadn't told me earlier. Ann and I proceeded to fuck like bunnies as she told me all about how she had satisfied her uncontrollable urges with strangers she had met in her travels. After blowing my cork for the fourth time, I lay on top of her with my flaccid cock still inside her creamy cunt as I caught my breath. Then I raised my head to look into her eyes. "I love you, honey," I told her. "And I would give up my left nut to watch you fuck another man."

Ann hugged me saying, "God, I can't believe this! You're just like my first husband. He loved to watch me get laid, and he did so often. He even had a special setup so he could watch me in secret." She sat up then and slipped out of bed, saying, "Come on, I'll show it to you."

I followed her to her dressing room, which was adjacent to the guest room down the hall. There she pressed a hidden switch, and a three-foot panel opened in the wall, revealing a glass pane through which I could see into the guest room, with a great view of the bed. She then opened a drawer and pulled out a set of earphones, which she plugged into a jack in the wall and handed to me, telling me to put them on and watch.

She left the room, and a moment later appeared in the guest room, where she smiled at me and lay down

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on the bed. While I watched she began to masturbate. Not only could I see her clearly in the moonlight coming into the room, I could also hear through the earphones the squishy sound of her pussy juice as her fingers danced around in her fleshy gash. I watched until I was so horny I ran into the guest room to fuck her hot cunt until we exploded together.

We were still joined when I asked her if she would do for me what she had done for her first husband—let me watch her fuck another man. Ann asked me if I really thought I could handle it, since seeing it with my own eyes would be much different from reading or hearing about it. I told her I was sure I could, and not only that, I already knew who I wanted it to be—my friend Hal.

Hal was recently divorced, and I knew he hadn't had a woman in over a year, so he would be more than ready. Ann said she thought he might not want to do it with her because of our friendship, but I explained to her that I didn't think that would be a problem, because Hal had bedded four of my girlfriends in the past, and I was pretty damn sure he had also fucked my first wife numerous times. Hal wasn't good at meeting women, but he would take advantage of one he met through a friend without blinking an eye.

Ann said she couldn't understand why I would want her to be with a man who'd already cuckolded me repeatedly, so I told her the reason. The fact was that two of my girlfriends had told me that Hal had the biggest cock they had ever seen in their lives. They said it had to be at least 10 inches when it was hard, maybe more, and was so thick they couldn't get their hands around it. I told her I would just love to see her get fucked by a dick like that. The idea got Ann hot too, and we fucked twice more before we left the guest room.

We put our plan in action by inviting Hal over for a steak dinner yesterday evening. He jumped at the chance, as Ann is an excellent cook. Our idea was for me to pretend to have too much to drink, and then to pass out. I knew Hal would fall for it, as I had never been much of a drinker. What was supposed to be vodka in my glass was actually water, so I was able to make a show of slamming down several drinks without restraint.

About an hour after dinner Ann was helping me up to bed, apologizing to Hal and asking him not to rush off, as she would be right back down. Once in our room I kissed my wife and told her to have fun and have a lot of orgasms. When I slid my hand into her panties I found that her pussy was already wet. She explained to me that Hal had pushed her up against the counter and felt her up when he had helped her clean up in the kitchen. "Oh God, honey," she said, "his cock feels just as huge as you said it was, and I can't wait to get it in my cunt!

> "Hal had pushed her up against the counter and felt her up when he'd helped her clean up. 'Oh God, honey,' she said, 'his cock feels just as huge as you said, and I can't wait to get it in my cunt"

Thank you for this, darling. I love you, and you can have me all you want when he's done."

She then went back downstairs, and I quickly snuck into the dressing room. Sure enough, it wasn't long before I heard them coming upstairs. I opened the panel and put the earphones on as they entered the room. Ann was in the lead, with Hal following, fondling her little round ass with both hands. Ann turned and he embraced her, kissing her passionately as he tried to unzip her dress. She stopped him teasingly, saying, "Don't you feel guilty about wanting to fuck your friend's wife?"

He grinned down at her. "Hell, no," he told her. "I've screwed every one of your hubby's women at least once, including his first wife, and I'll fuck a hot little thing like you any time you want it, if you can handle my cock."

Ann smiled back, saying, "I may be small, but I've handled some damn big men in my life, and I don't think I'll have any trouble." With that she let him unzip her dress, then shrugged it off and let it pool at her feet. She reached back to unhook her bra and let it drop on top of the dress, exposing her firm 34C breasts with their swollen nipples. Hal was frantically pulling his clothes off, watching every move she made as she lay back across the bed. When he dropped his boxers, both Ann and I saw his erection for the first time.

It was indeed an impressive sight as it stood up and out at about a 45-degree angle, visibly throbbing and hard as a rock. I had never seen anything like the length and thickness of it, and I doubted if Ann had either.

As he approached the bed, my wife slowly pushed her panties down and kicked them away. Her dark silky bush glimmered in the light, and Hal let out a gasp as she parted her legs, showing him her puffy cunt lips, which pulled open to reveal the gateway to her vagina. Hal moved onto the bed and mounted her, and I saw her hand reach to guide his apple-sized cockhead to the mouth of her slippery

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pussy. "Oh yes, right there, Hal!" she told him. I heard them both groan as that monster dick breached her opening, and she drew in her breath with a hiss. "Ohh God yesssss!" she panted then as he slipped the full length of his cock slowly into her body.

Once he was in he paused to let her adjust to his intrusion for a minute. "Damn," he whispered. "I can't believe you handled me without a hitch. Not many women can take me all the way like that."

"I told you I could do it," Ann said, grinning. "My pussy is so hungry, and I love feeling your cock inside me!"

He started thrusting then, supporting himself on his elbows and knees, giving me an excellent view of his manhood going in and out of my wife's slippery snatch. I saw him shift to rub the upper side of his cock against her swollen clitoris as he gradually increased the speed and length of his thrusts, pulling back until only the huge head remained between her clinging cunt lips, then shoving it all the way back in, his large balls slamming against her ass with an audible sound.

I watched him fuck her for nearly four minutes before they reached a simultaneous orgasm. His body stiffened as he buried himself in her pussy one more time, and he groaned loudly into the hollow of her neck as he emptied his balls inside her. Ann's nails dug into his back as she screamed out, "I'm coming! Oh God, I'm coming!" Then he collapsed on top of her, his large heavy body crushing her small form into the mattress for a full minute before he dismounted.

My horny wife gave him little time to recover. Her small hand went right to his now half-flaccid cock, squeezing and pumping it to get him fully erect again quickly. "I want you to do it me like a dog," she whispered to him. She then rolled over and got on all fours on the bed. Her ass was facing me, and I had a perfect view of her swollen pussy lips just below it as she knelt there for her lover. As he approached her she flexed her vaginal muscles, expelling a glob of semen onto her upper thighs.

Hal placed the head of his massive cock between those creamy lips and eased his full length into her receptive pussy. I watched then fuck like that for 10 minutes before Hal grunted and spurted another load into her.

Still Ann was not through. The next time she had him lie on his back while she rode his cock to three climaxes before he shot again. After that she finally told him he'd better leave before I woke up.

Hal told her he'd been hoping she would suck his cock before he left, but Ann just smiled at him and said, "Why don't we save that for next time? I'm sure we'll be doing this again."

When they went downstairs I hurried back to our bedroom to await my wife. When she came through the door she looked like one thoroughly fucked but happy woman. She unzipped her dress and dropped it as she walked to the bed. She hadn't put on anything under it, and as she got on the bed I got a good look at her swollen cunt. Her entire crotch was smeared with come, and a little white stream flowed from her pussy down over her ass. I couldn't wait a second longer, and I lunged at her body, my iron-hard cock finding the hot pool between her legs and immersing itself in their combined love fluids. She was still dilated from Hal's large tool, so that my much smaller dick felt lost in her freshly-fucked cunt, but I was so excited that I shot my wad in less than a minute.

Ann and I made love all night, and as I said at the beginning, it was absolutely the best piece of ass I've ever had in my life. But I'm looking forward to many more to come. I'm sure Hal is just the first of a whole series of lucky men who will enjoy my wife's passionate embraces as a prelude to my doing so myself.—*R.C., Walla Walla, Washington*

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